

#1

JASON PELL • EMILIO UTRERA

MATURE
BAD
BUG



FLICKERING LIGHTS

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Space is vast, and we've been scattered.



We are small, unimaginably small, specks of manufactured debris cast adrift in space.



When all walls have been removed... all boundaries gone, and there is nothing to hide the eyes of infinity.

When you feel the oppressive, incomprehensible weight that comes when those eyes peer at you, you truly know what it is to be naked and alone.



I think...I think that's why we focus on what's close to us.

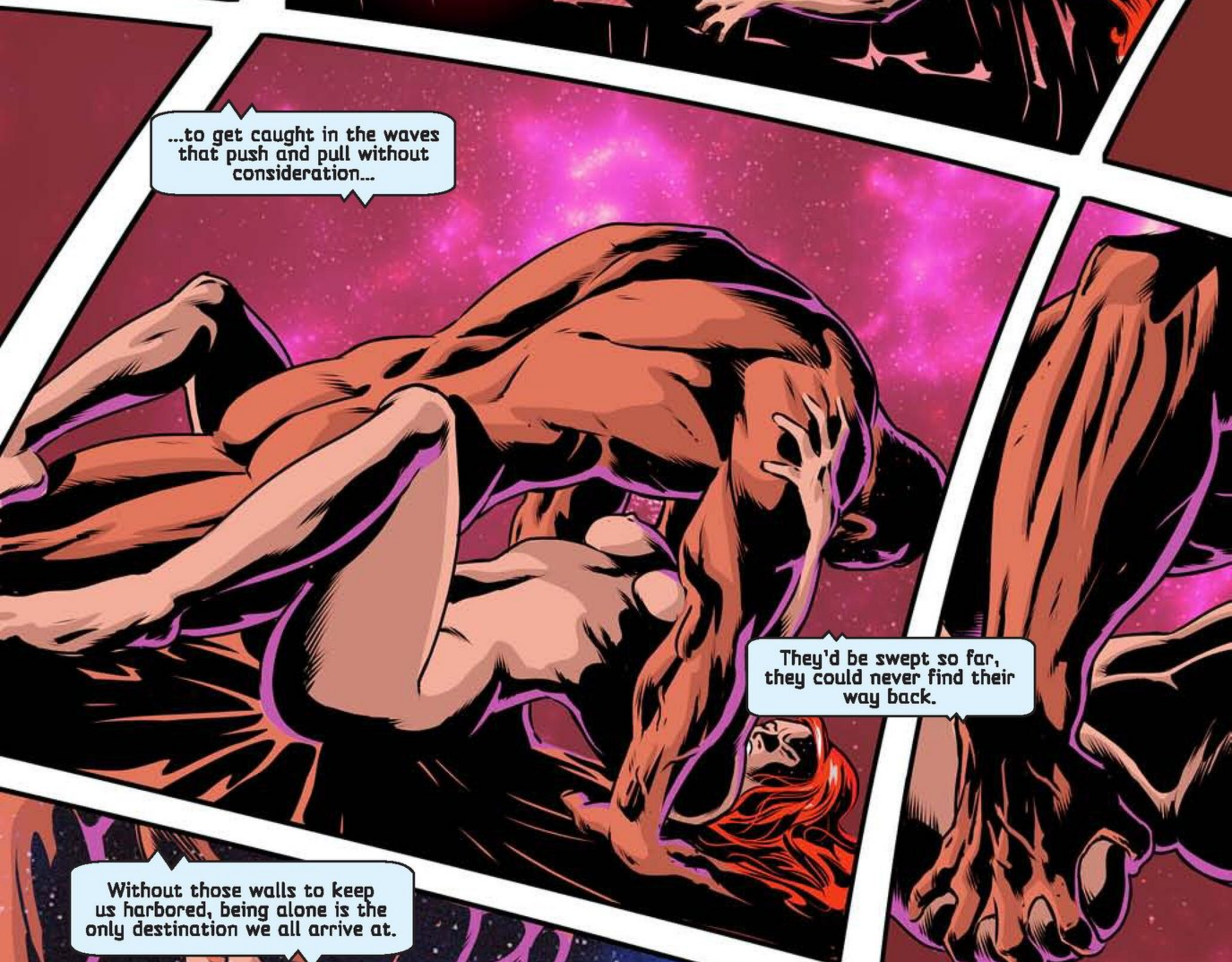


To hold on to those we find beside us even though they are just as lost.



Clinging to them like a buoy
in a sea that is endless.

Knowing that if they were
to slip from our grasp...



...to get caught in the waves
that push and pull without
consideration...

They'd be swept so far,
they could never find their
way back.

Without those walls to keep
us harbored, being alone is the
only destination we all arrive at.



THE L-LIGHTS
ARE BACK, CAPTAIN!
OFFICER CLAYTON
ISN'T ACTING...

H-HE'S
CONFUSED,
CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN...?

OOHH!!

SORRENTINO..
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING JUST STANDING
THERE?

WHAT DID THE CAPTAIN
SAY ABOUT THE SCANNERS
PICKING UP THE LIGHTS?

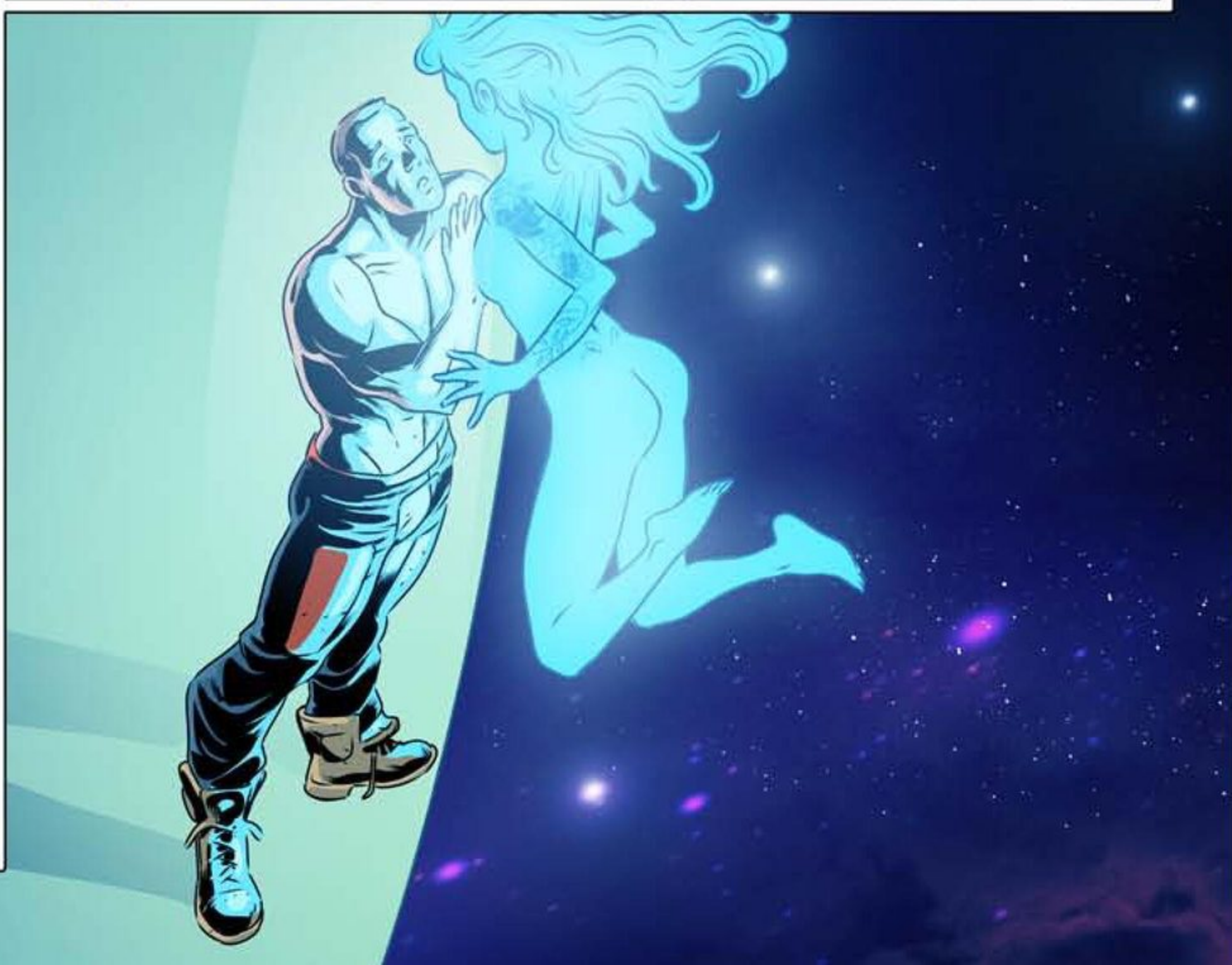
...HE'S
BUSY.

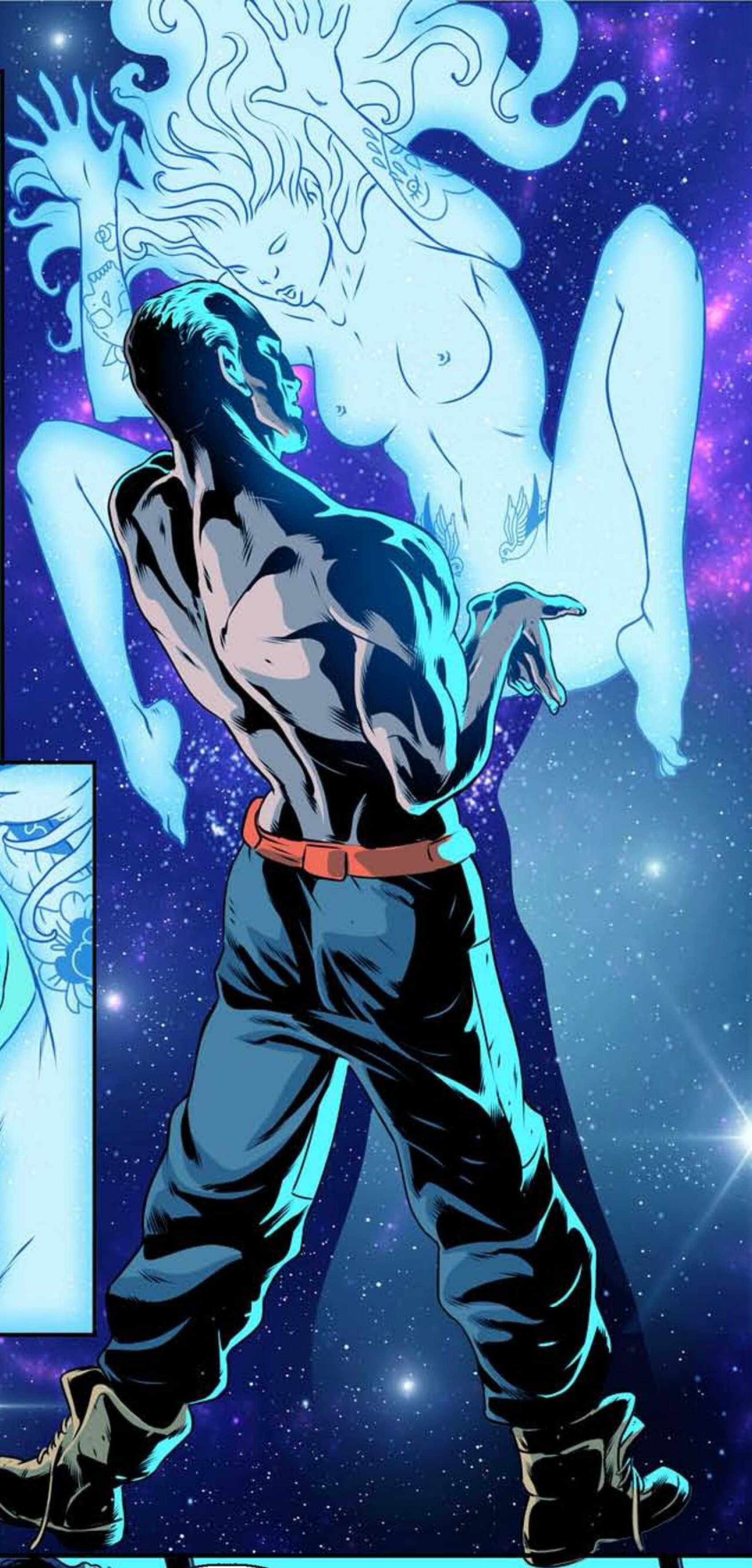
WHAT ABOUT
EXECUTIVE OFFICER,
MILLS?

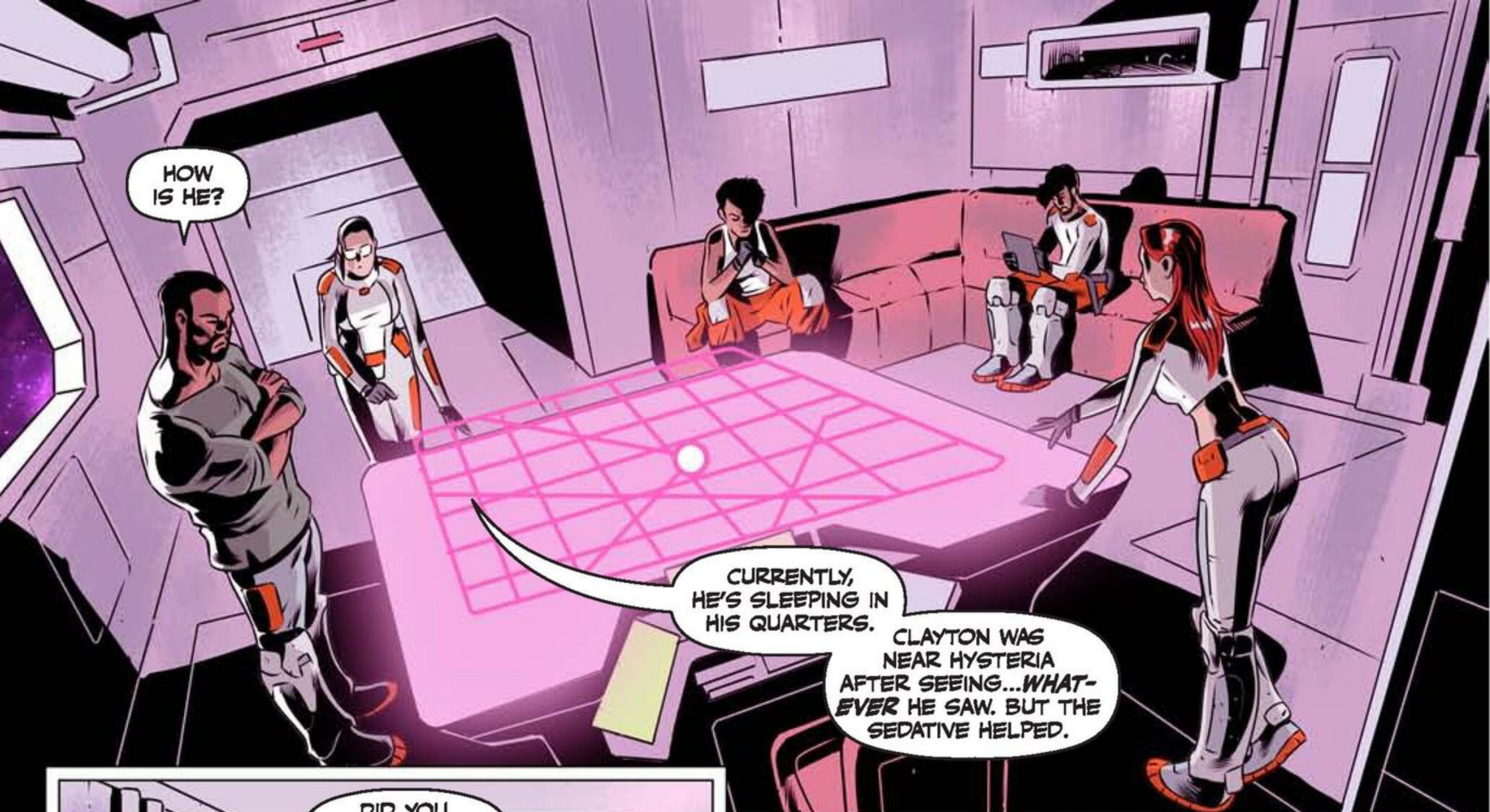
UNNNGH

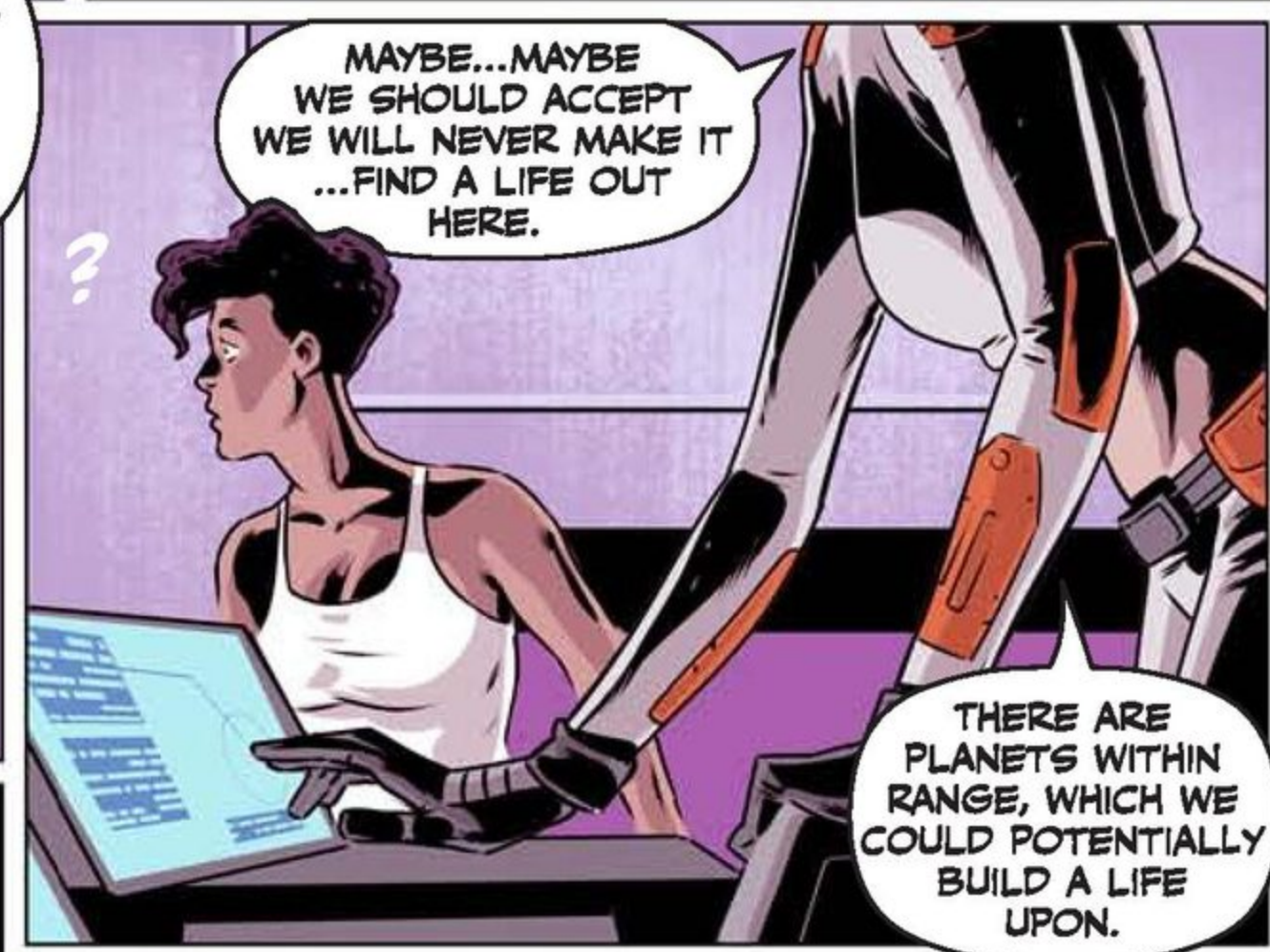
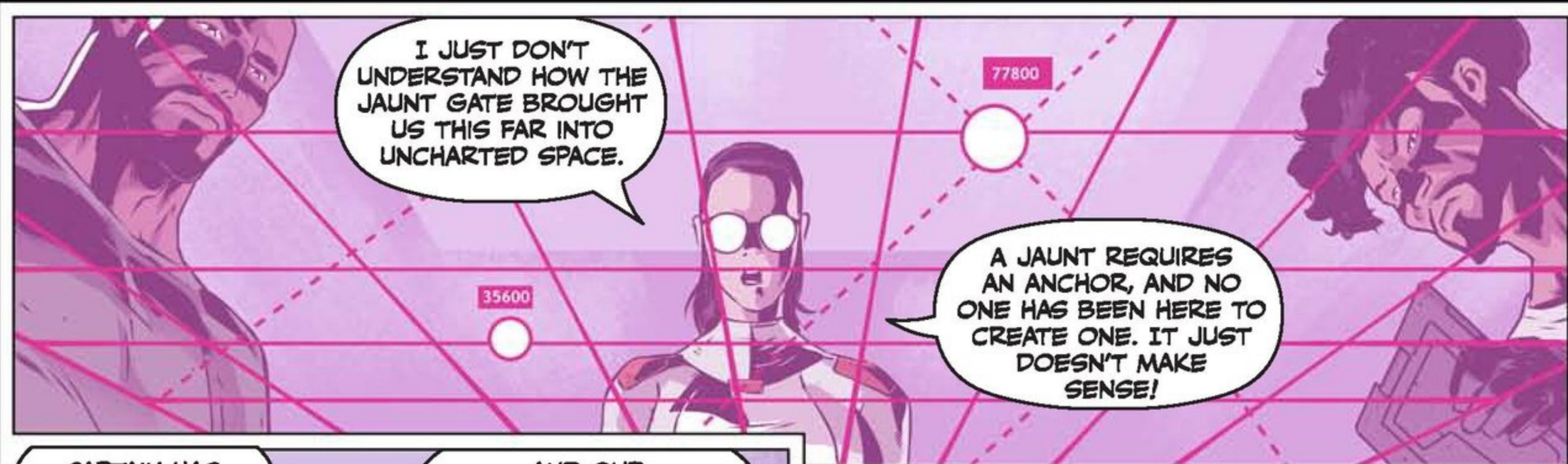
oooohh!!



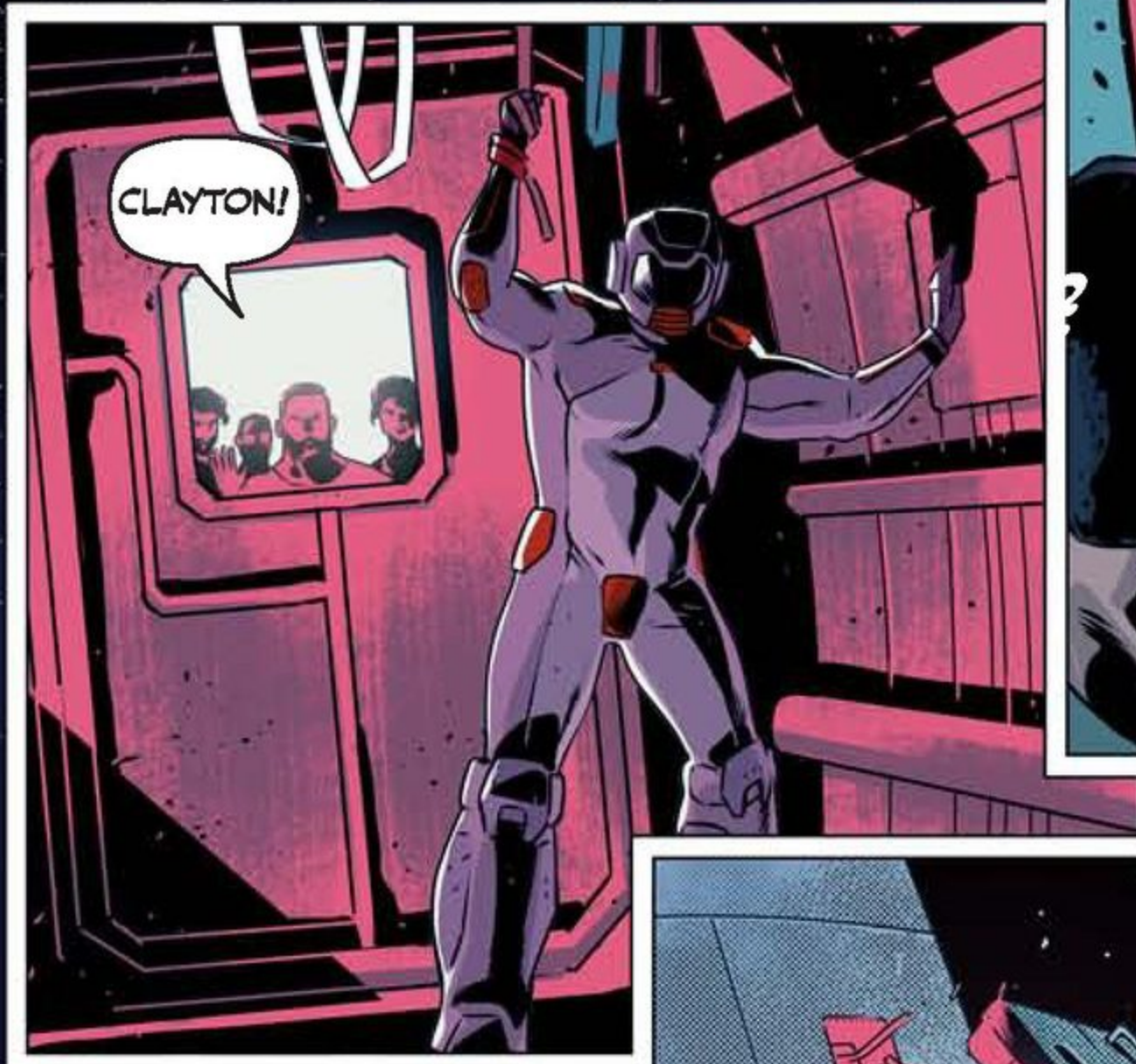


















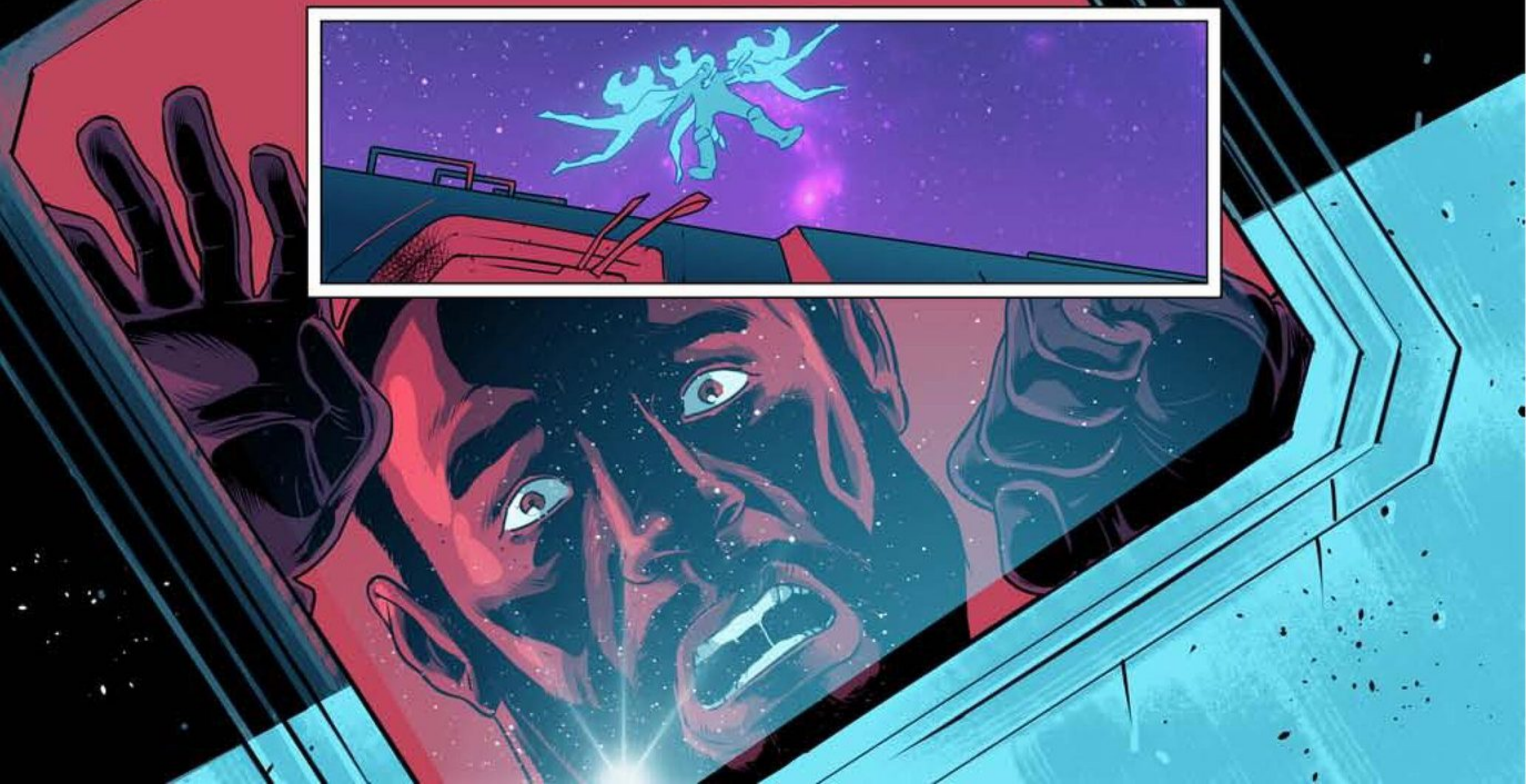
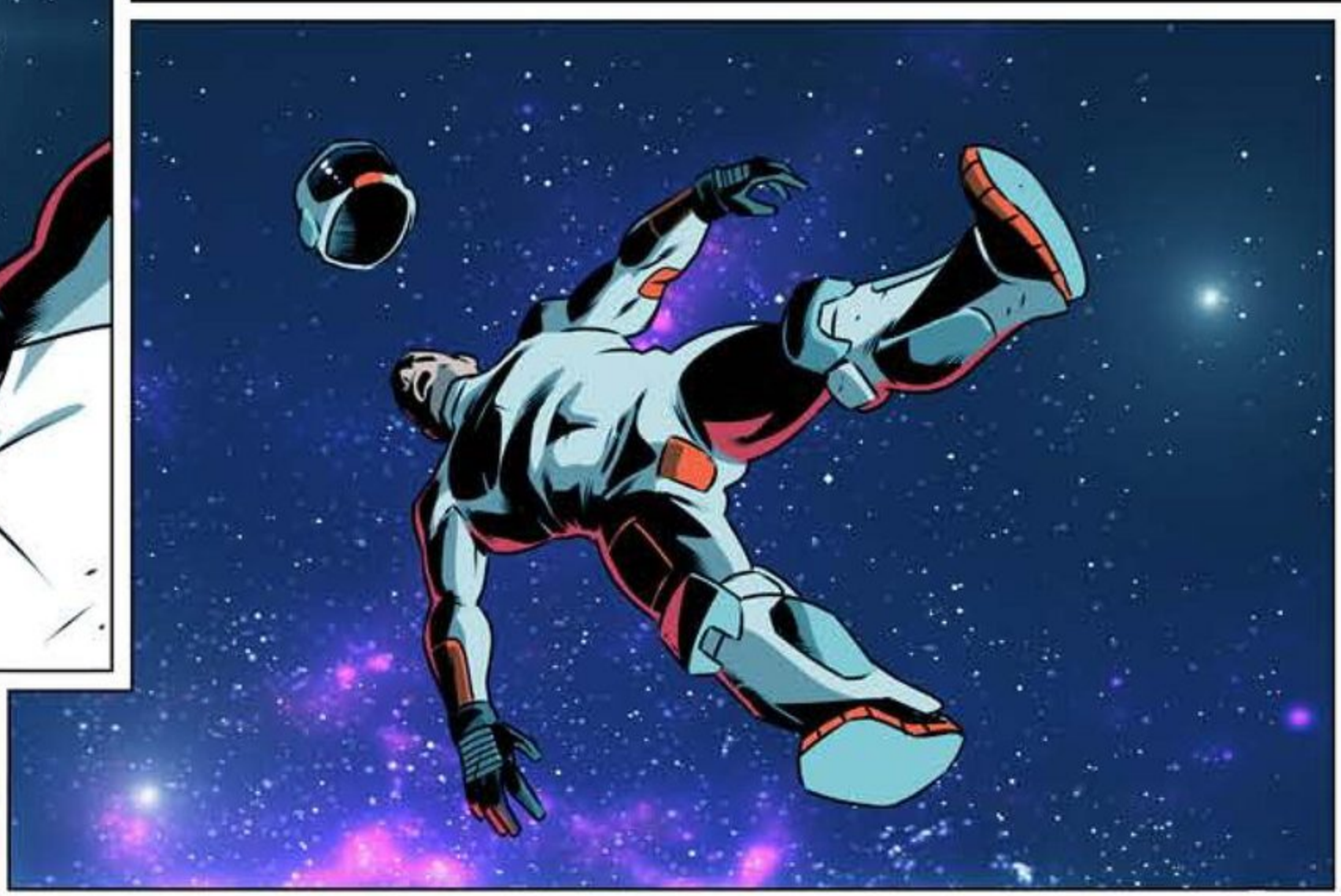
uhh... stay...

...with us?

Y-YES.

YES!

YES!





W-WHAT
WAS HE
THINKING?

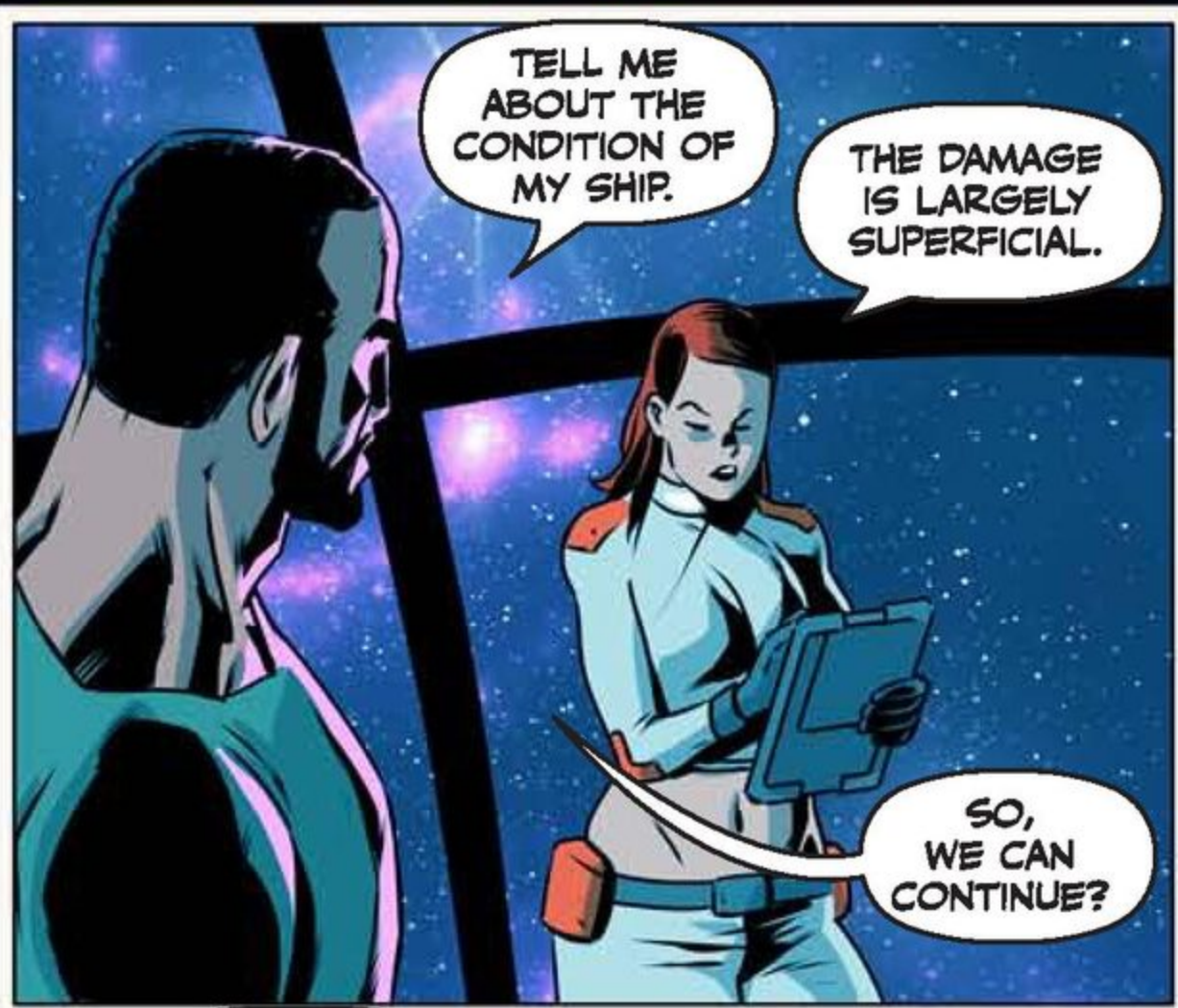
YOU SAW
THAT, THOUGH,
DIDN'T YOU?

THERE
WERE PEOPLE
OUT THERE.
ACTUAL FUCKING
PEOPLE!



ENOUGH.

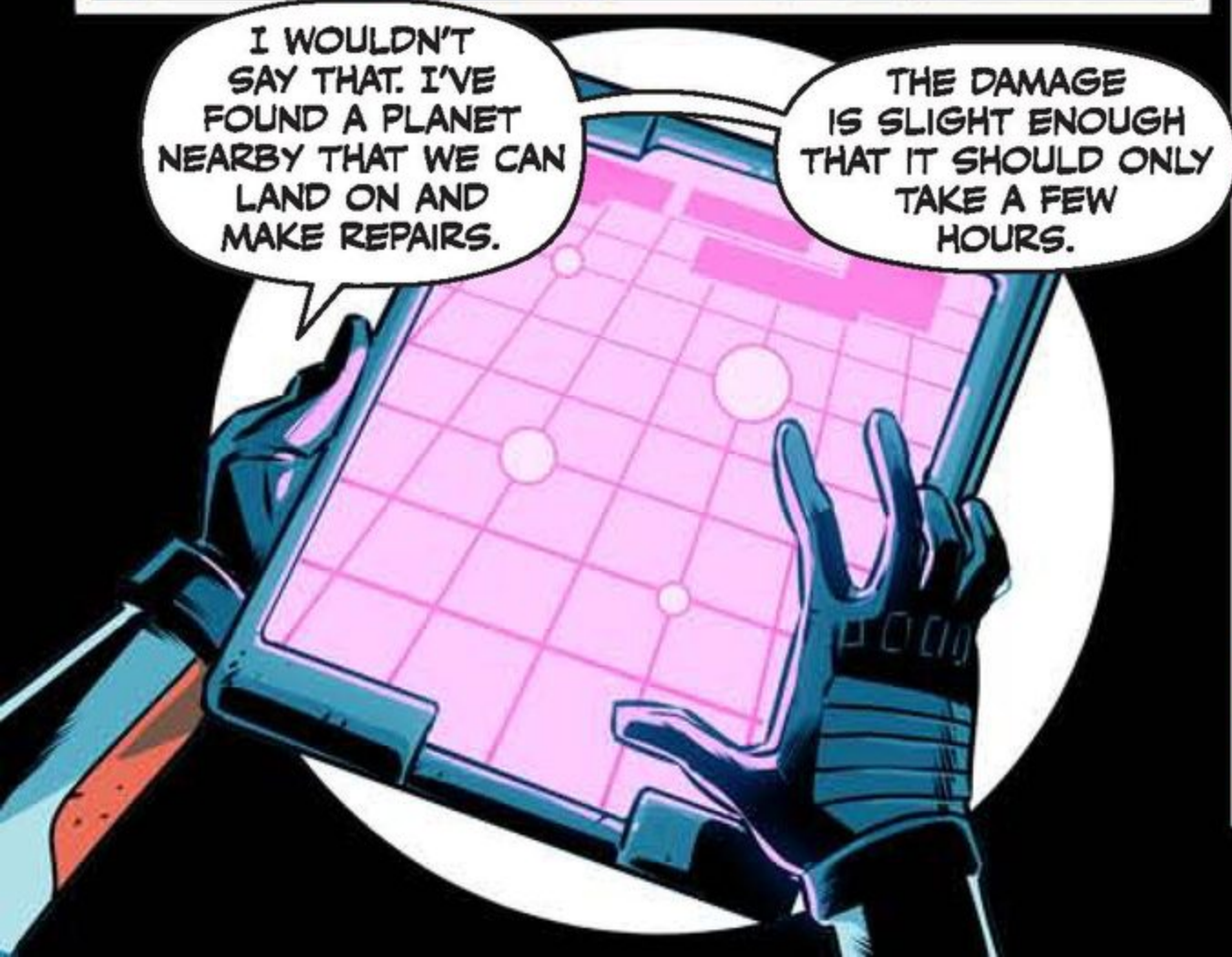
THEY WANT
SOMETHING...THEY
WANT US!



TELL ME
ABOUT THE
CONDITION OF
MY SHIP.

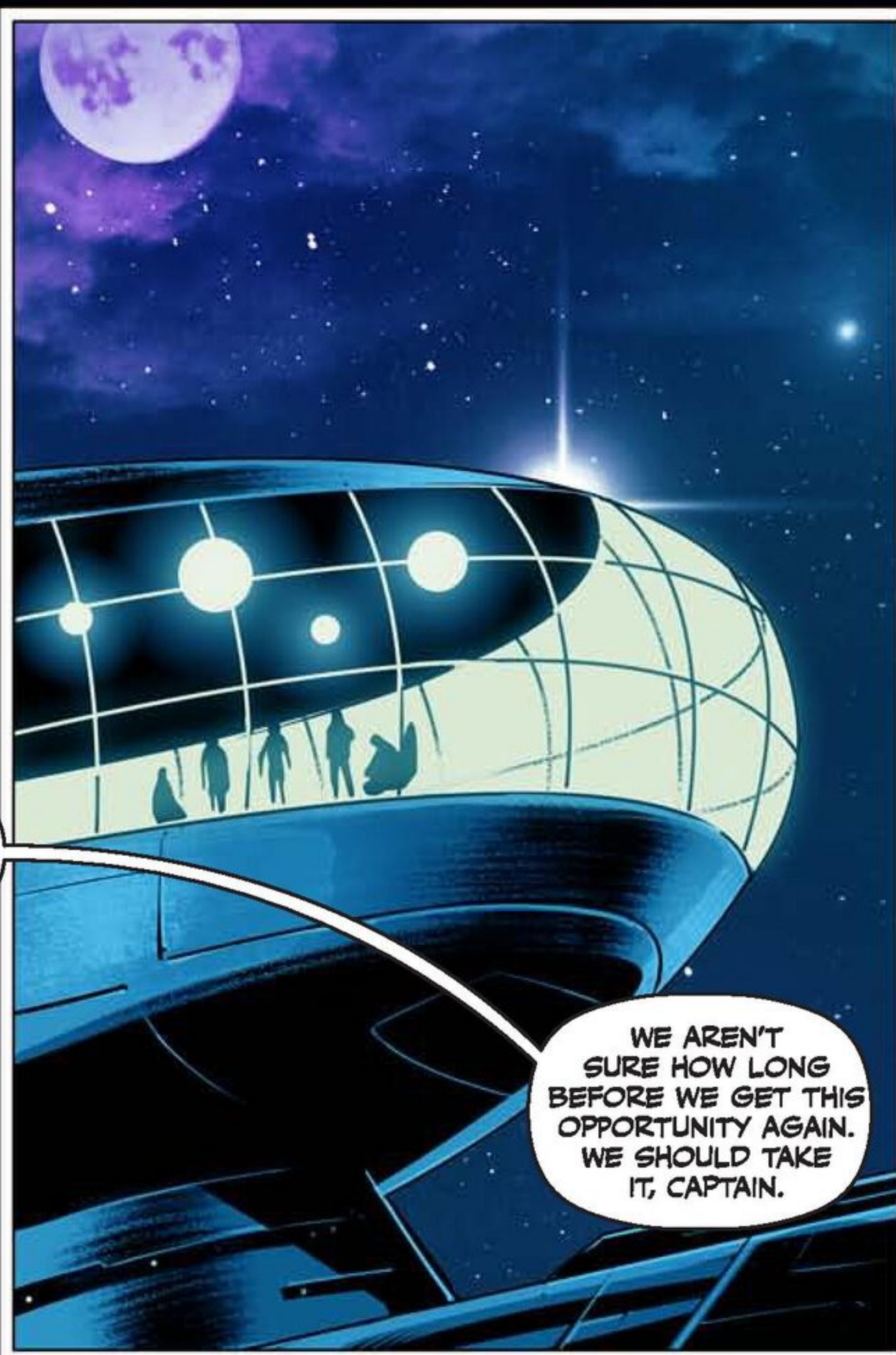
THE DAMAGE
IS LARGELY
SUPERFICIAL.

SO,
WE CAN
CONTINUE?



I WOULDN'T
SAY THAT. I'VE
FOUND A PLANET
NEARBY THAT WE
CAN LAND ON AND
MAKE REPAIRS.

THE DAMAGE
IS SLIGHT ENOUGH
THAT IT SHOULD ONLY
TAKE A FEW
HOURS.



WE AREN'T
SURE HOW LONG
BEFORE WE GET THIS
OPPORTUNITY AGAIN.
WE SHOULD TAKE
IT, CAPTAIN.



OXYGEN
LEVELS ARE CLOSE
ENOUGH THAT WE
COULD BREATHE HERE
WITH NEGLIGIBLE
SIDE EFFECTS.

MILLS,
YOUR READINGS
THE SAME?



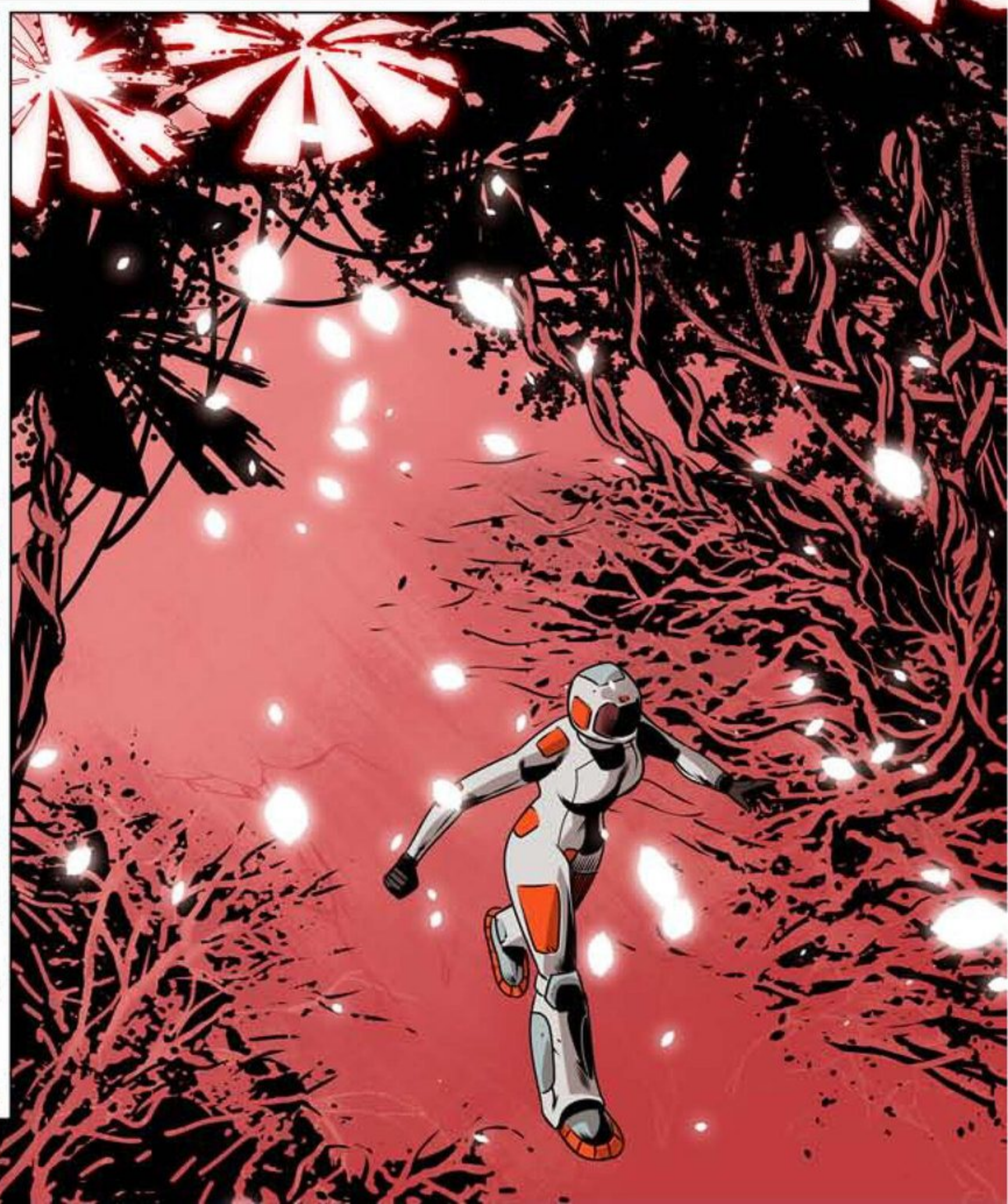
I'M NOT
READING ANY
TOXINS IN THE AIR
EITHER. CAPTAIN,
PERMISSION TO
REMOVE HELMET?



NO. AT
THIS POINT, I'M
NOT SURE THAT'S
A WISE MOVE.

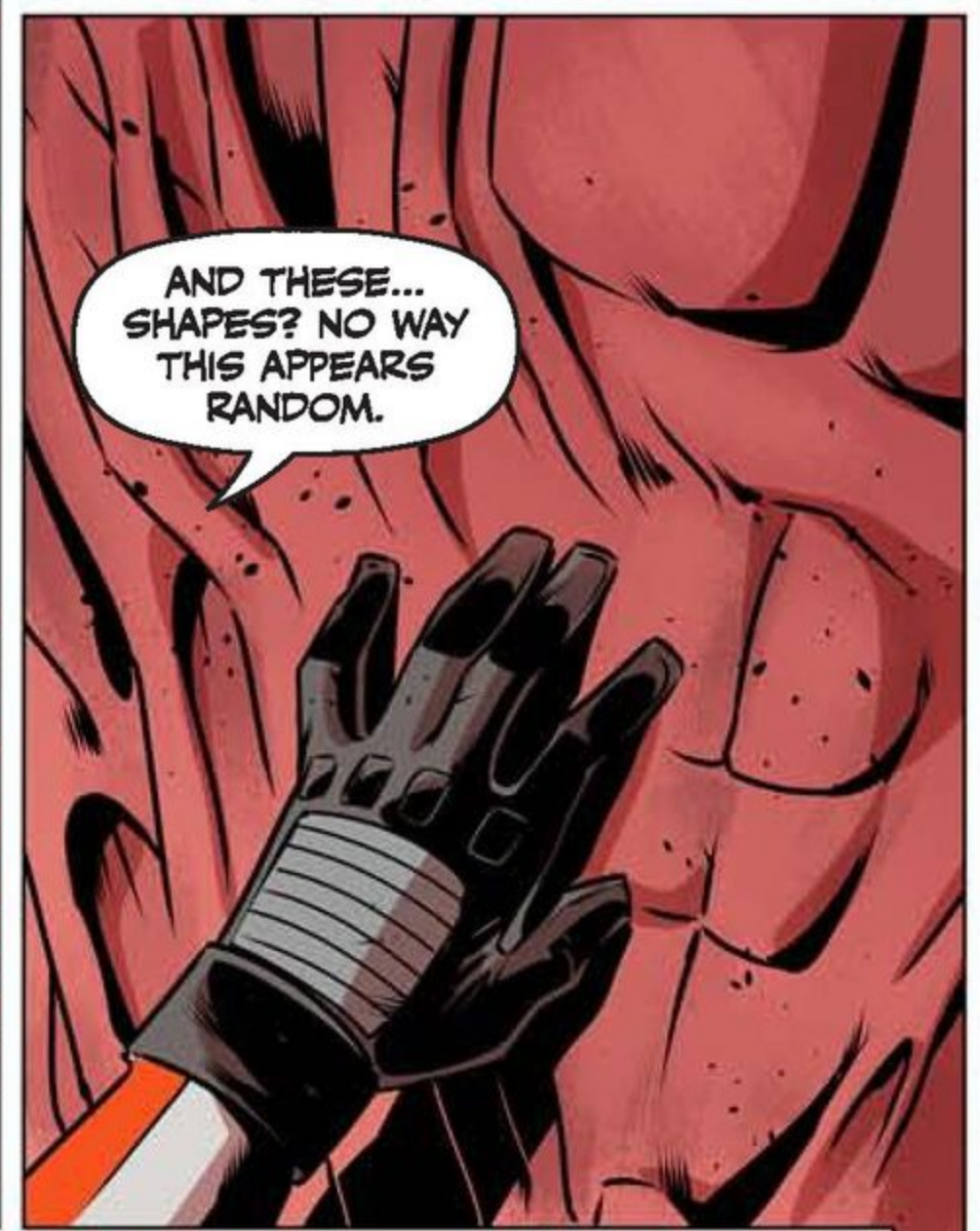


I DON'T
WANT TO PUT OUR
TRUST COMPLETELY
IN THE RECORDER. NOT
AFTER WHAT HAPPENED
WITH CLAYTON.





NEVER SEEN
PLANTS CREATE
A STRUCTURE SO...
SO SYMMETRICAL
BEFORE.

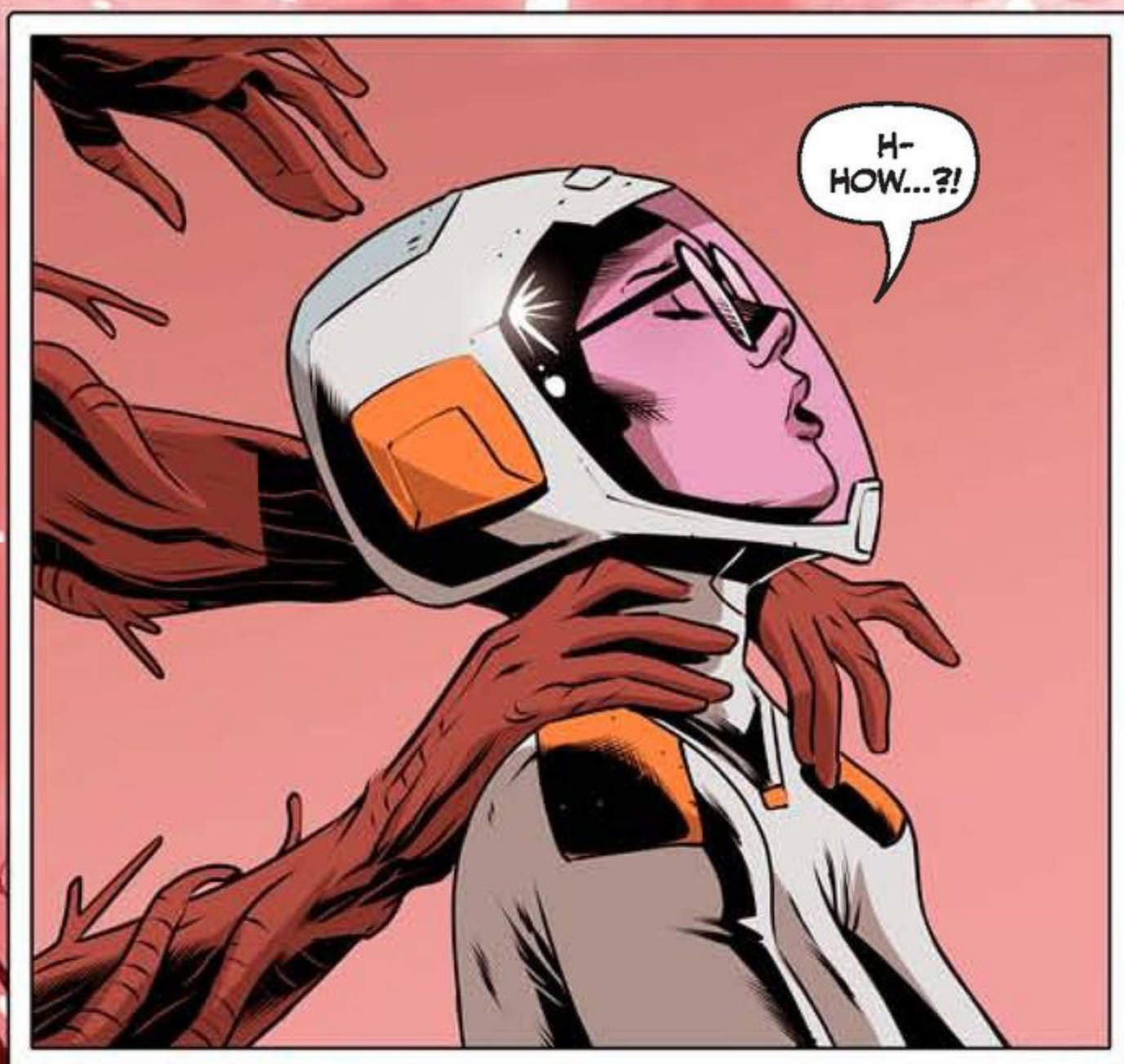


AND THESE...
SHAPES? NO WAY
THIS APPEARS
RANDOM.



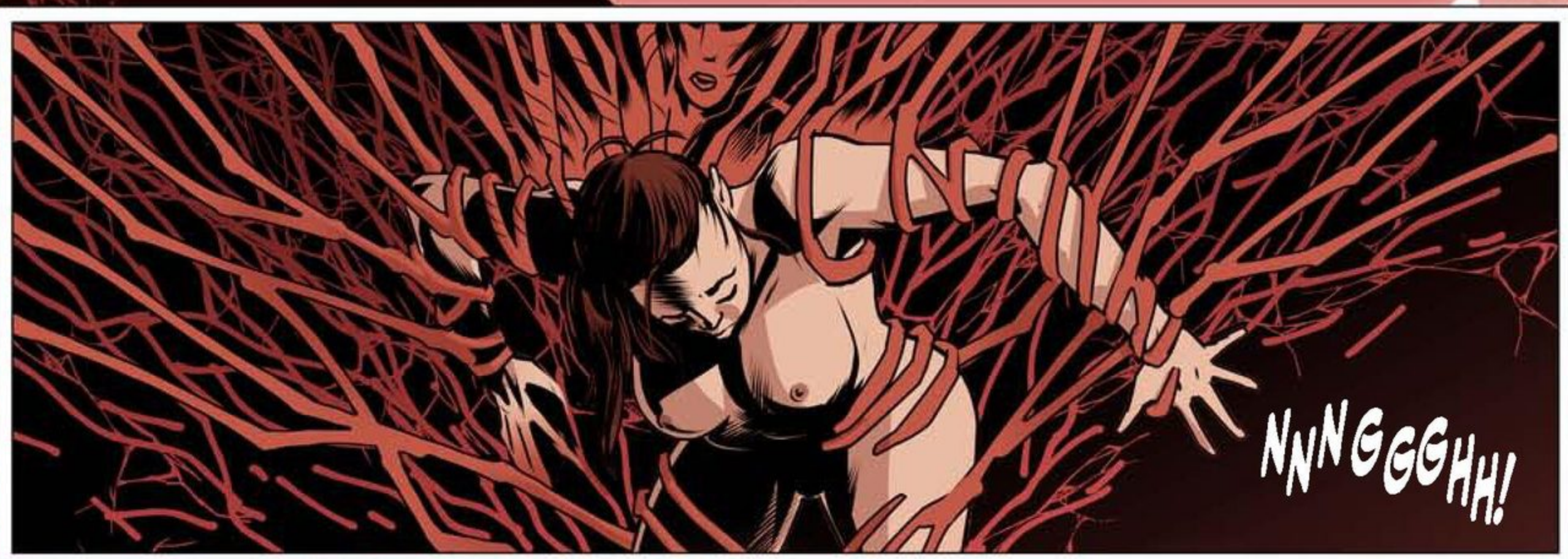
G-GOT TO
GET TO THE
CAPTAIN!







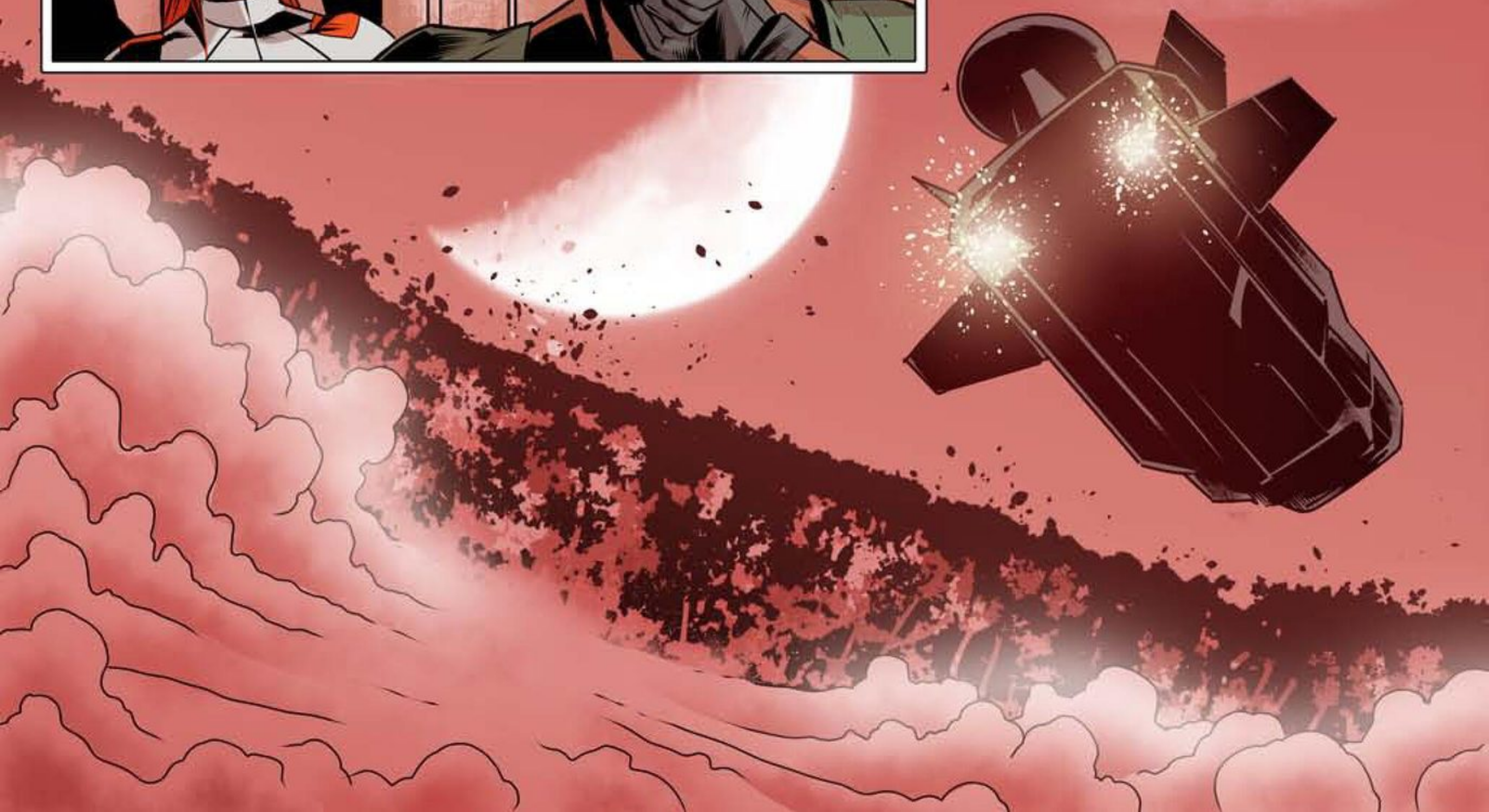


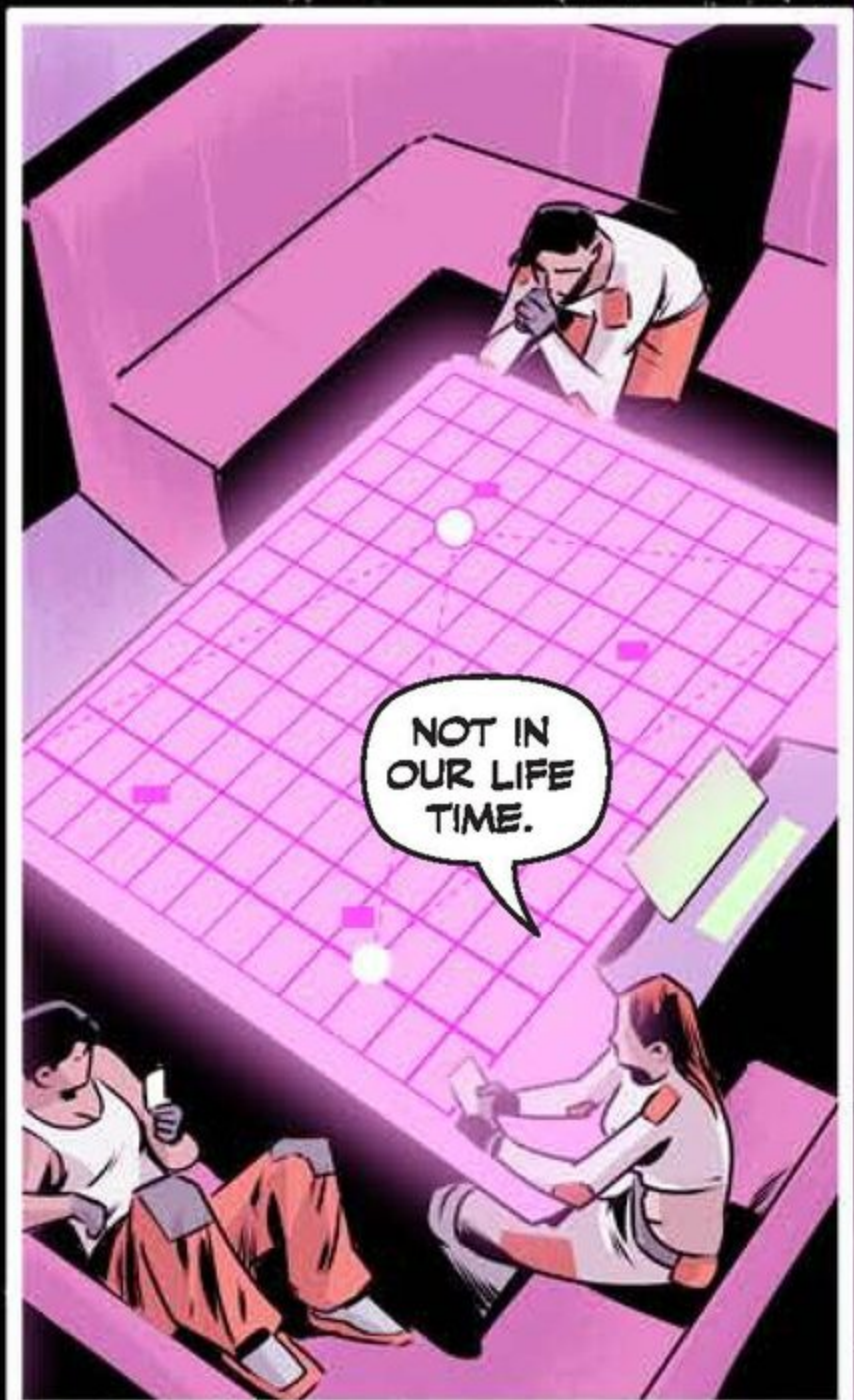
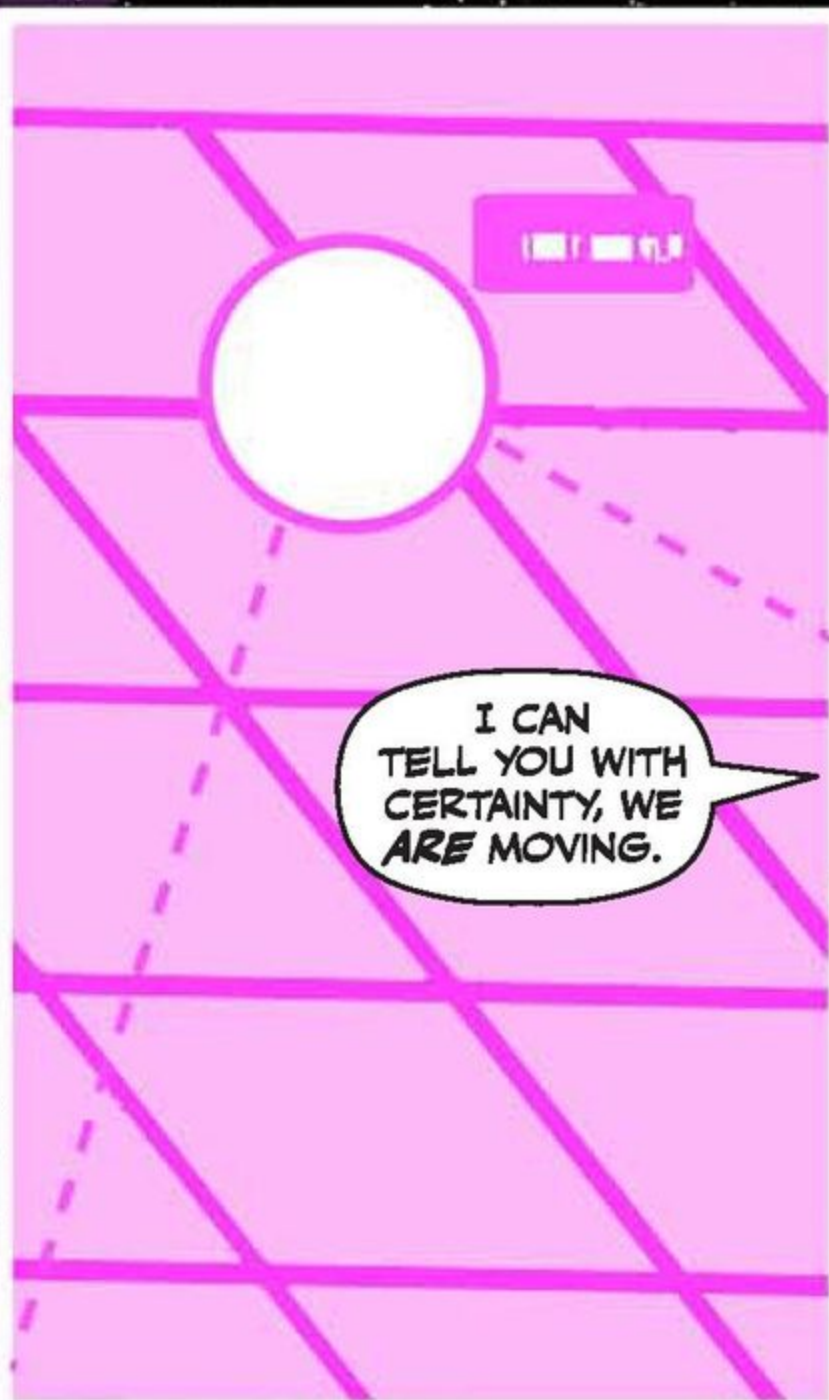




CAPTAIN...
IS TH-
THAT--

ALONSA.







FLIGHT
JOURNAL,
246.

LAST WEEK,
SORRENTINO THOUGHT
HE SAW THE LIGHTS
FOLLOWING
US AGAIN.

I'M NOT
SURE IF IT'S SOMETHING
TO BE CONCERNED
ABOUT YET, OR IF IT'S
EXHAUSTION.



WE ARE ALL
SO TIRED, AND I
DON'T SEE ANY WAY
TO EASE THAT
BURDEN FROM THE
REST OF CREW.

OUT THIS
FAR, THE UNIVERSE
IS WILDER.
HUNGRIER.

AND
WE'RE SO VERY
UNPREPARED
FOR IT.





I'M TELLING YOU, ANDREWS, THEY'RE STILL OUT THERE.

YOU TWO, DO YOU HAVE A MOMENT?



YEAH, WHAT'S UP?



IT'S THE CAPTAIN. I THINK... I THINK HE'S WITHDRAWING FROM IT ALL.

OBIE IS ONE OF THE STRONGEST MEN I'VE EVER MET. IF ANYONE CAN GET US HOME, IT'S HIM.



HOME...HOME. THERE IS NO HOME. WHEN EVERY THING IS MOVING IN SPIRALING ORBITS WITHIN ORBITS WITHIN ORBITS. HOME LEFT US AS SOON AS WE LEFT IT.

WE MUST FIND COMFORT WHERE WE CAN. IN *WHO* WE CAN...



WHAT-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



LIFE IS SUCH
A FRAGILE AND
FLEETING THING,
WHEN COMPARED TO
THIS COLD, TIMELESS
UNIVERSE.
OUR LIGHT...



IT FLICKERS
FOR SUCH A
SHORT TIME,
THEN DIES.



YOU FEEL
IT DON'T YOU?
YOU ARE DYING,
EACH BREATH
BRINGS YOU
CLOSER AND
CLOSER TO
EXTINCTION.

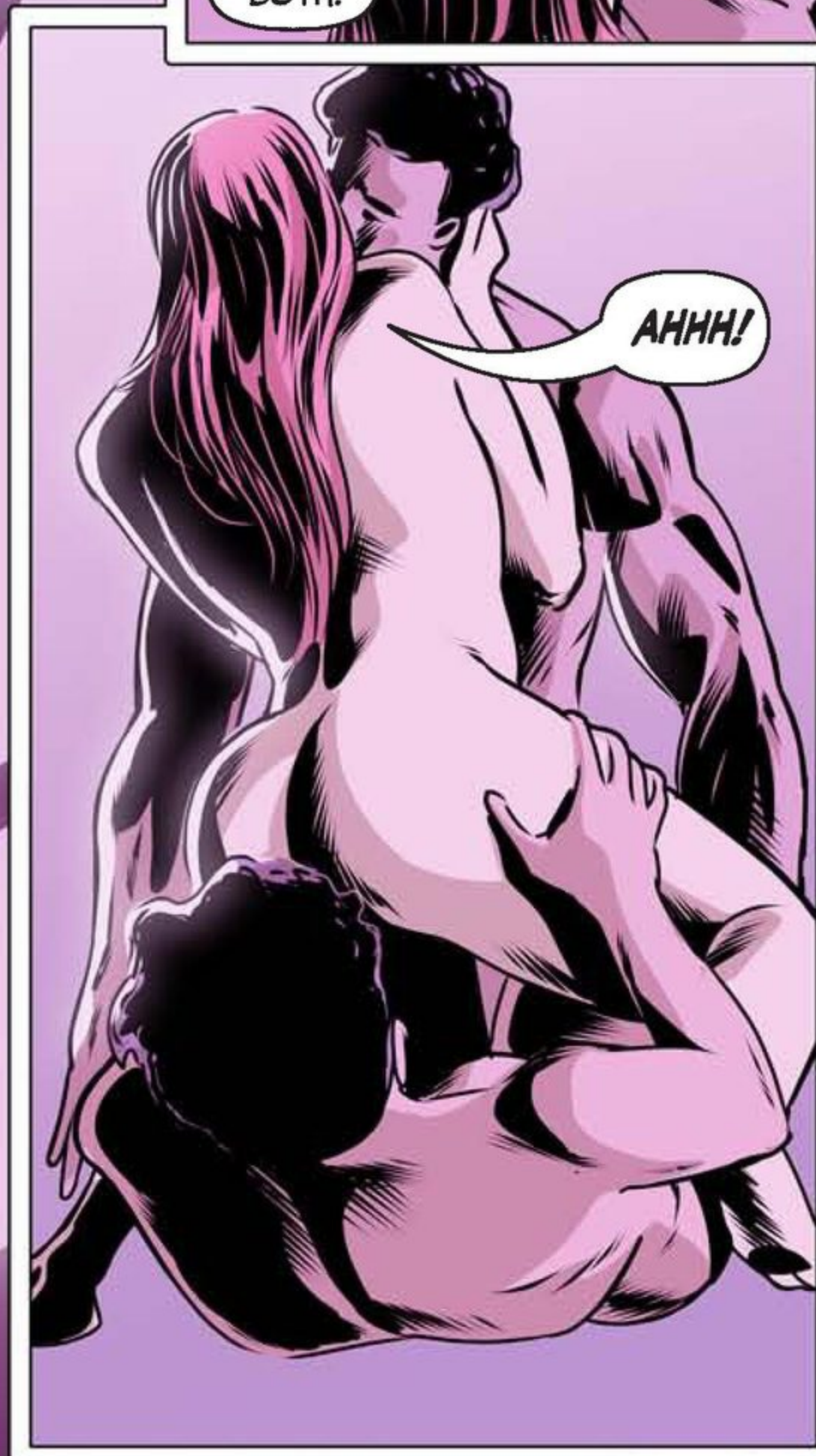
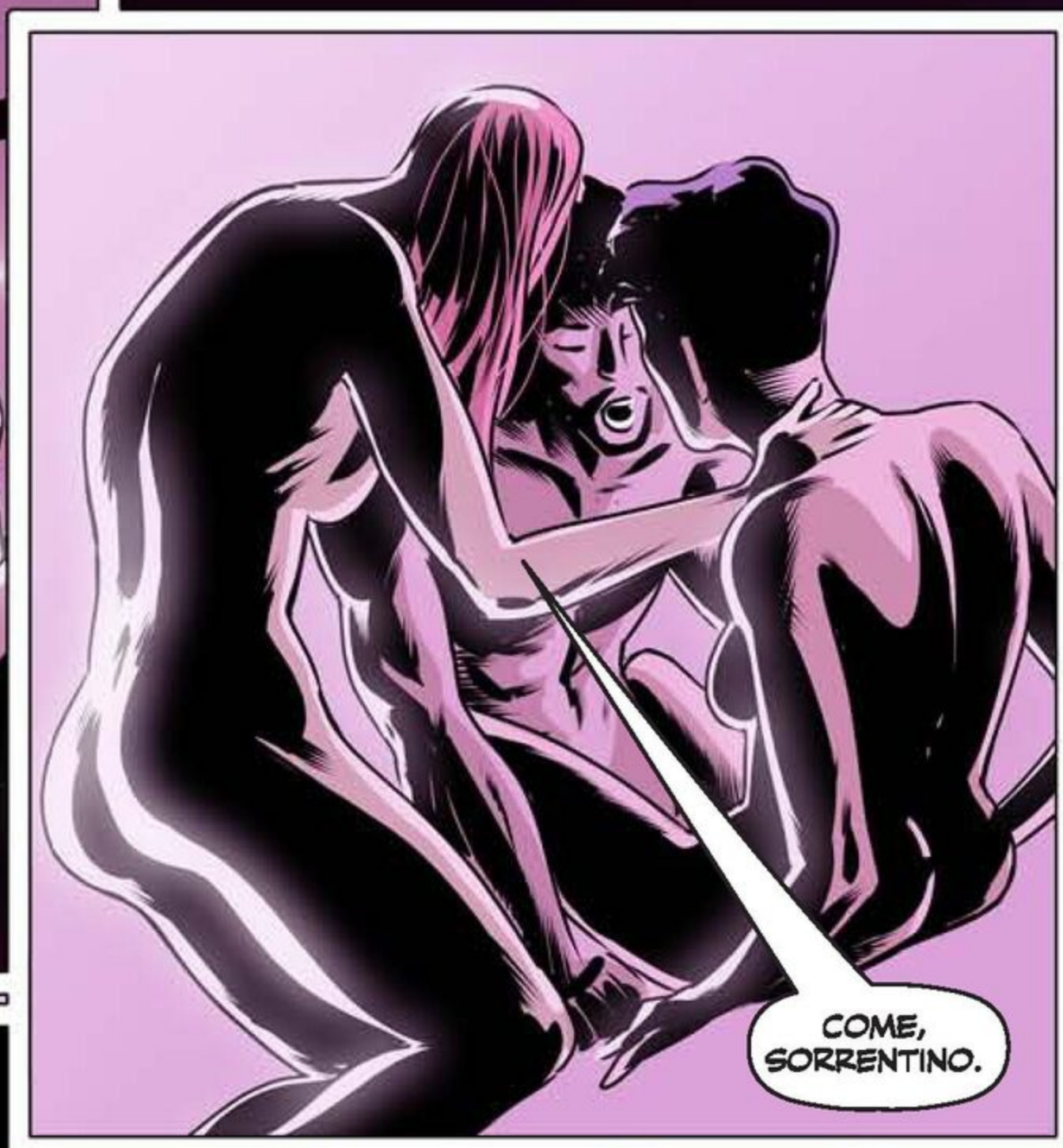
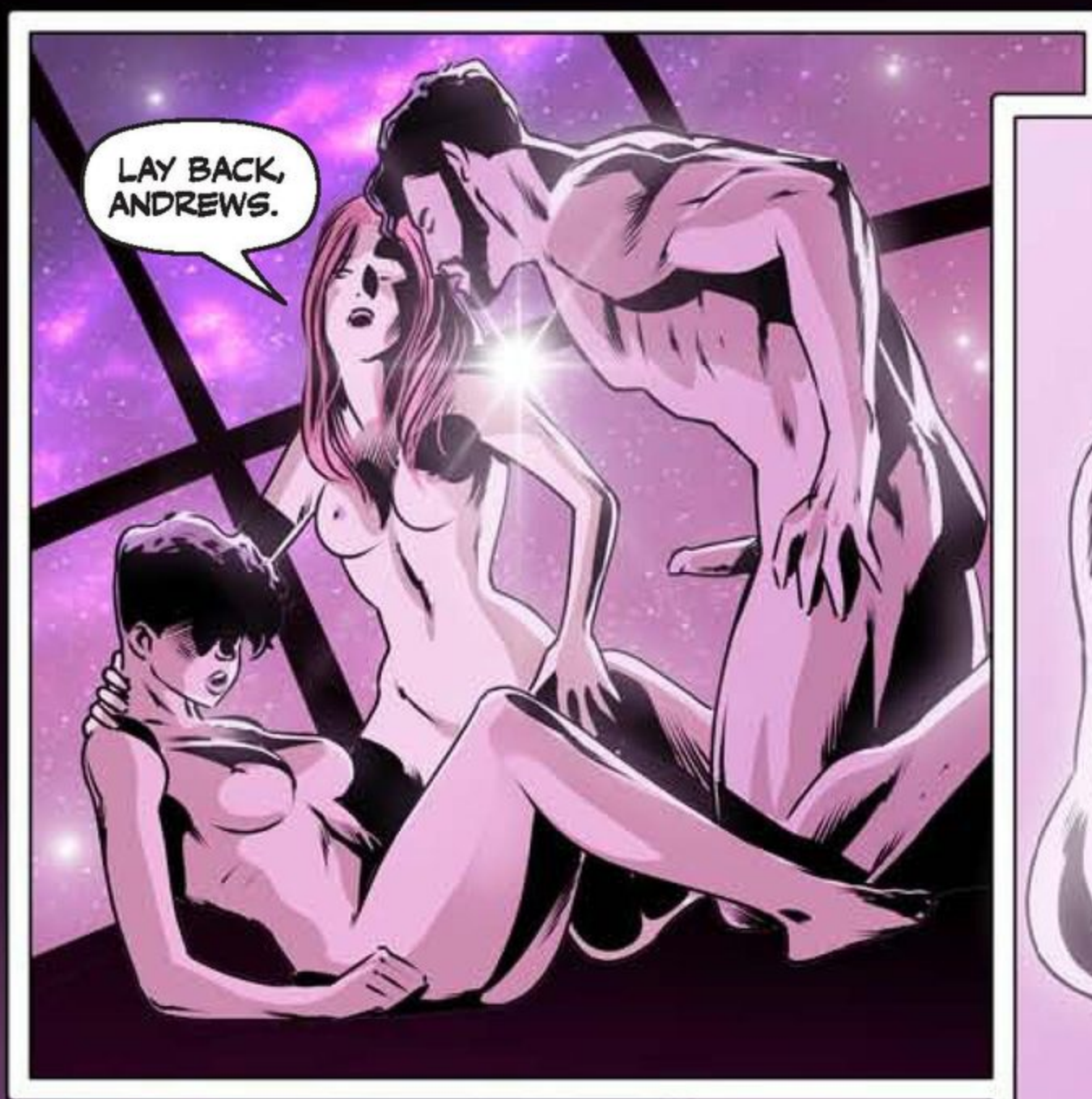


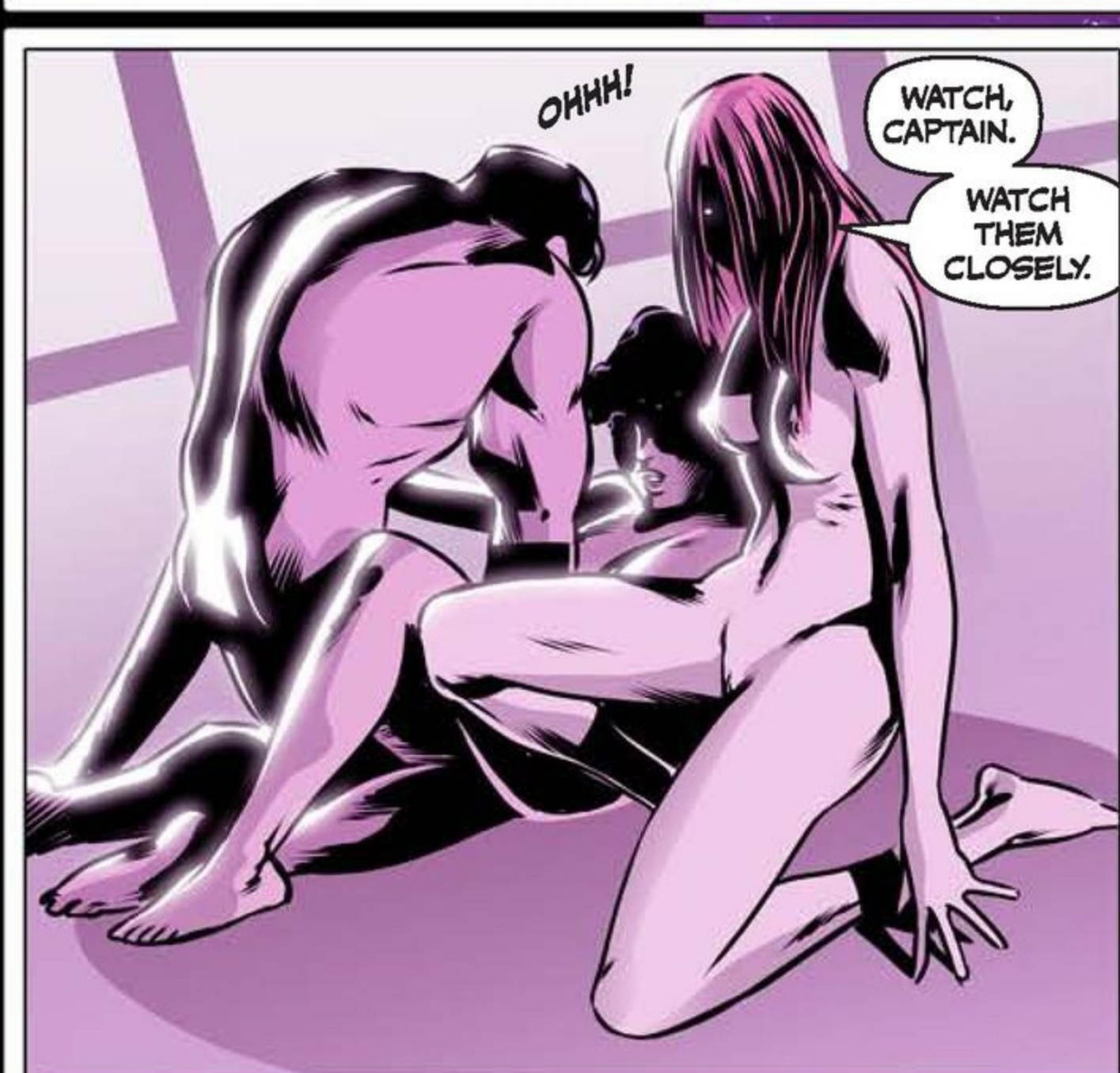
SO, LIVE
FIERCELY.
DEFIANTLY.



AND TAKE
IN EVERY MOMENT
THE UNIVERSE
ALLOWS. BEFORE...
IT'S GONE.









YOU
DON'T HAVE
TO DIE
ALONE.



WH-WHAT
ARE YOU,
MILLS?

YOU DID THIS,
DIDN'T YOU?
BROUGHT US
OUT HERE?



YOU CAN
DENY WHAT YOU
WANT, OBIE.



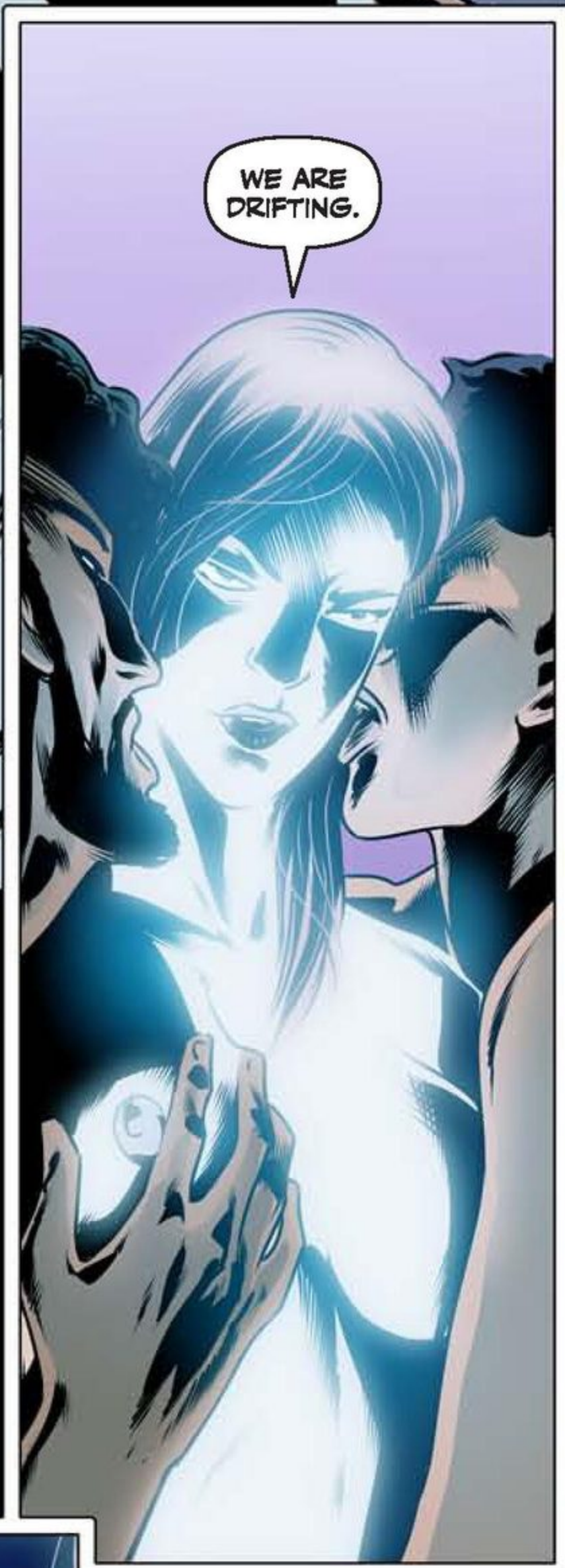
BUT YOUR
BODY...IT DOESN'T
LIE.



**GET
AWAY!!**



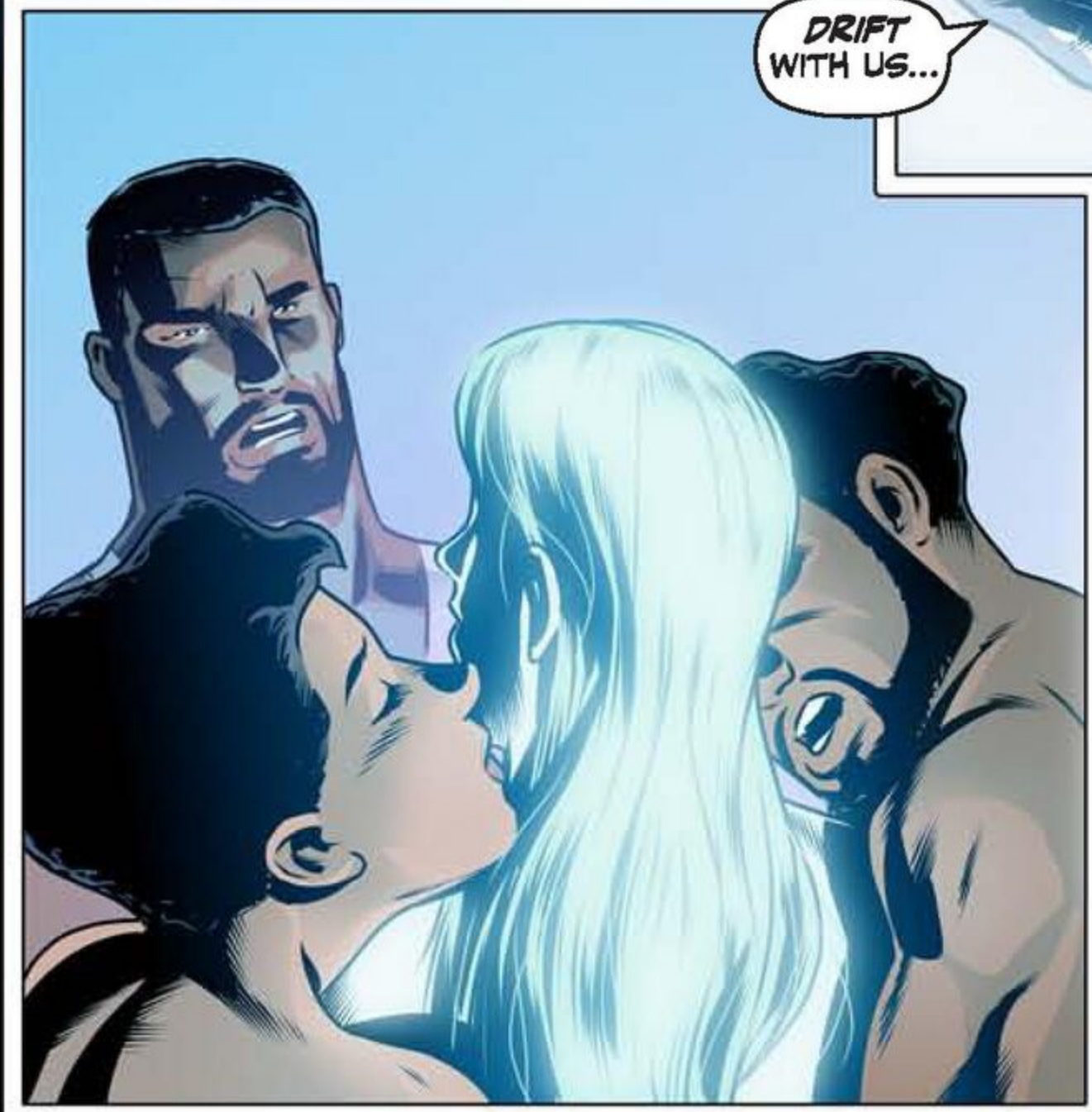
...JOIN US,
CAPTAIN.



WE ARE
DRIFTING.



DRIFT
WITH US...



GET
OFF MY...
...SHIP!







FLICKERING LIGHTS



CAPTAIN OBIE



OFFICER MILLS



ENGINEER SORRENTINO



OFFICER CLAYTON



SPECIALIST ANDREWS



SPECIALIST ALONSA



FLICKERING LIGHTS

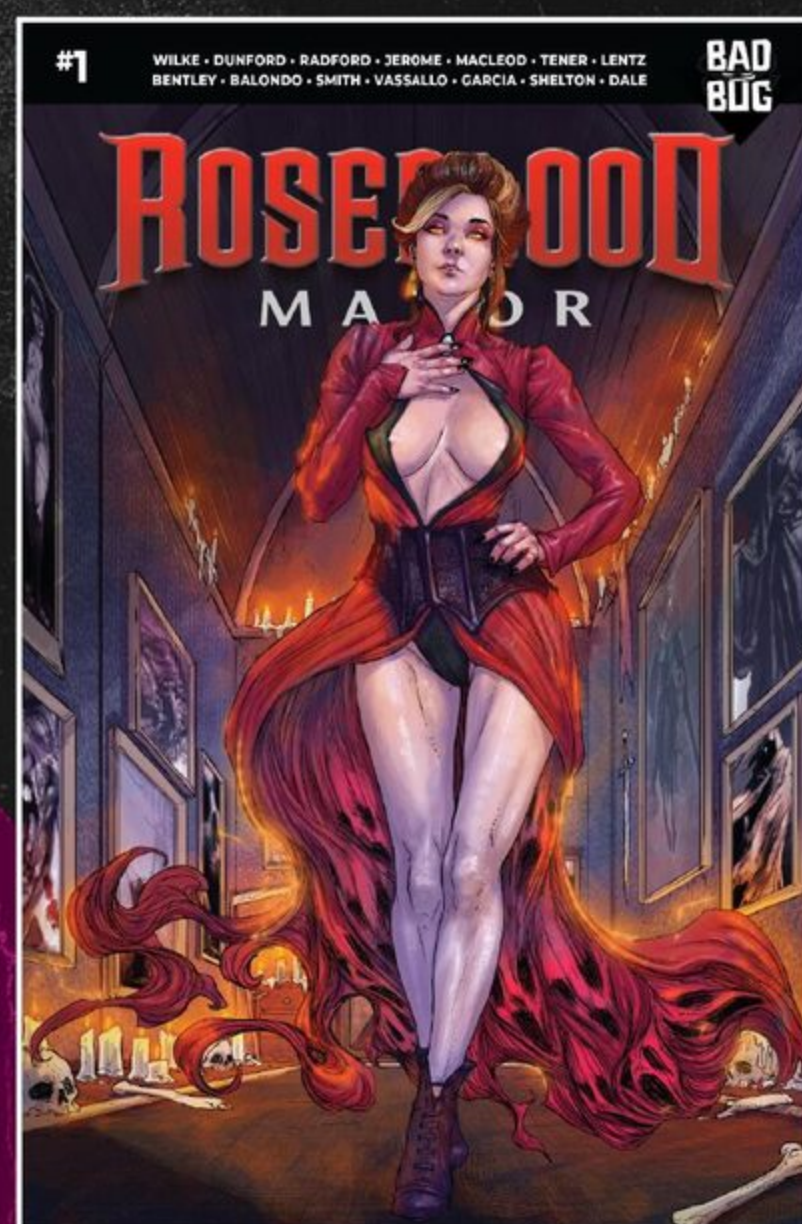
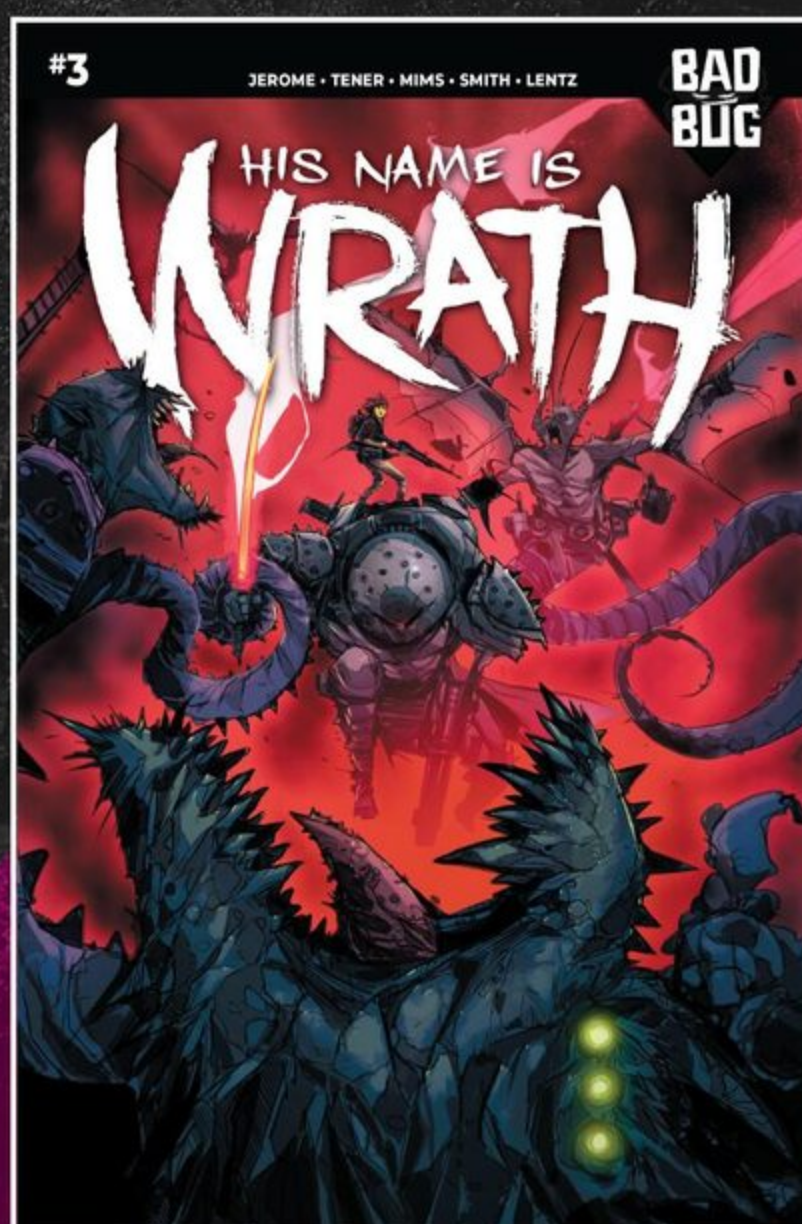
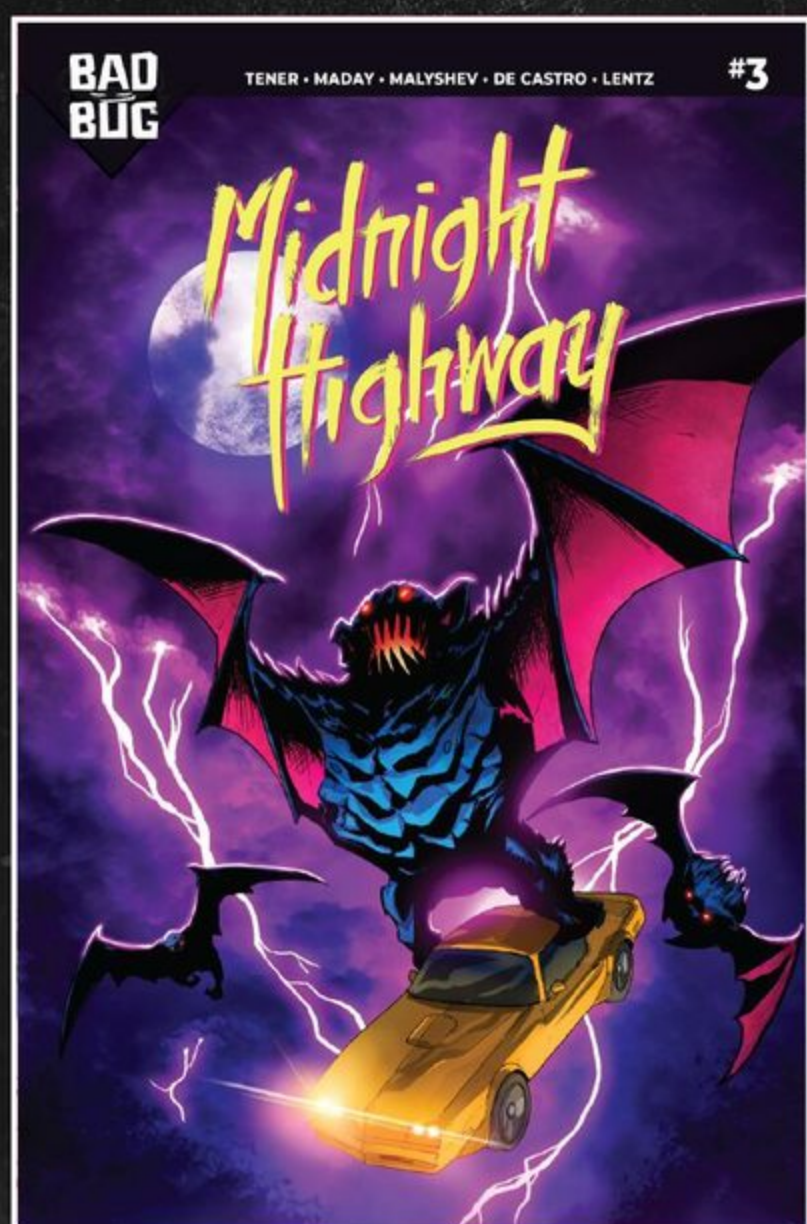
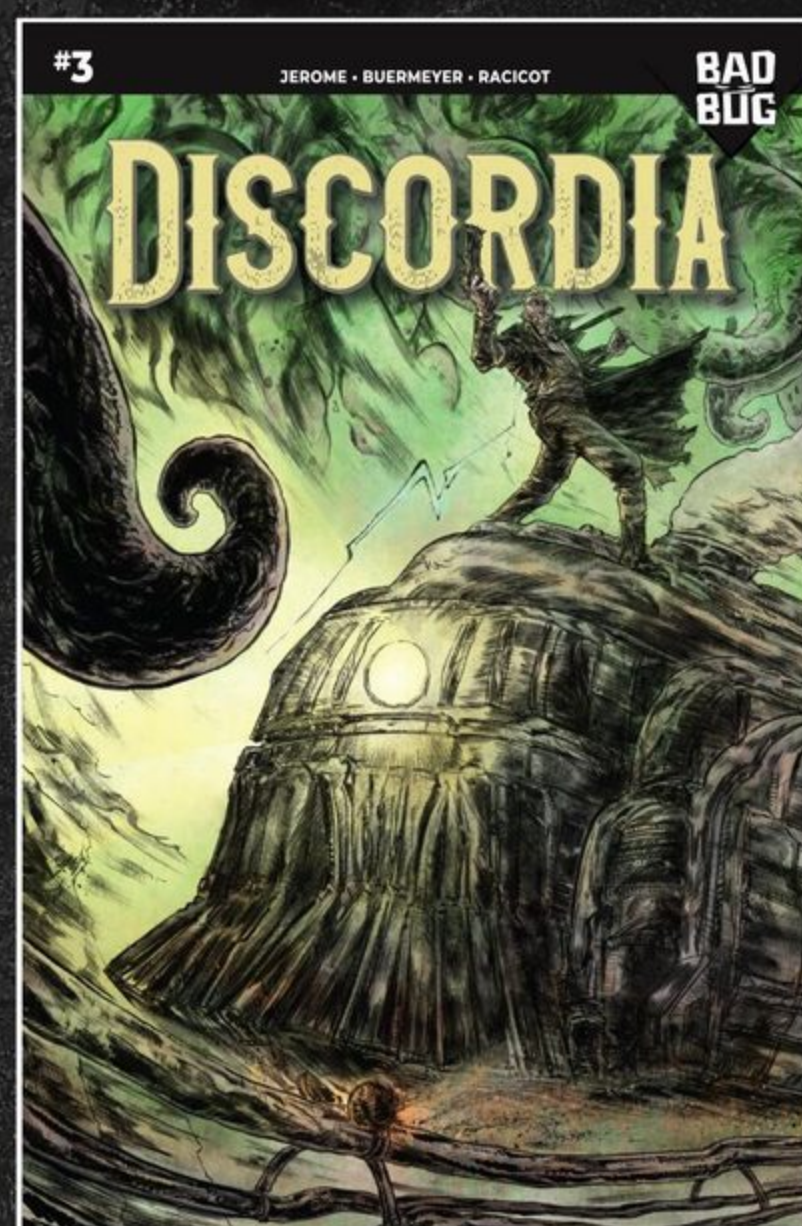
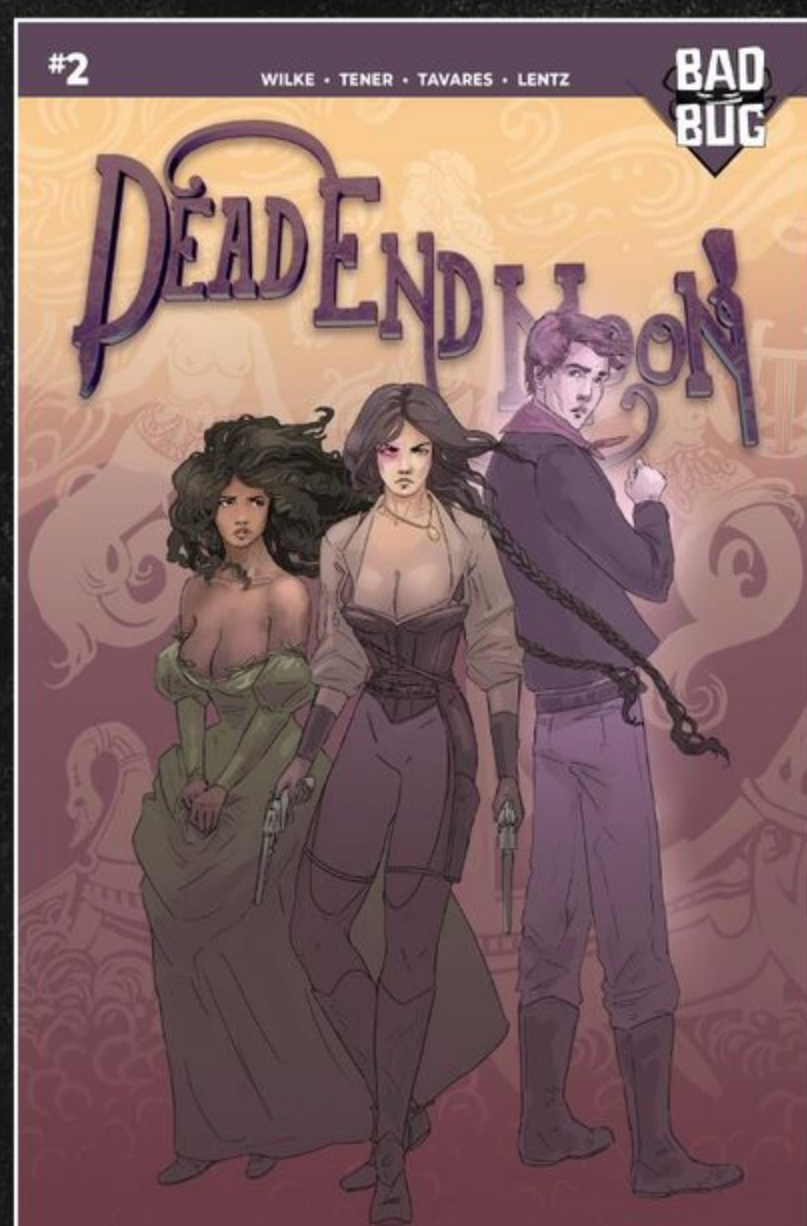




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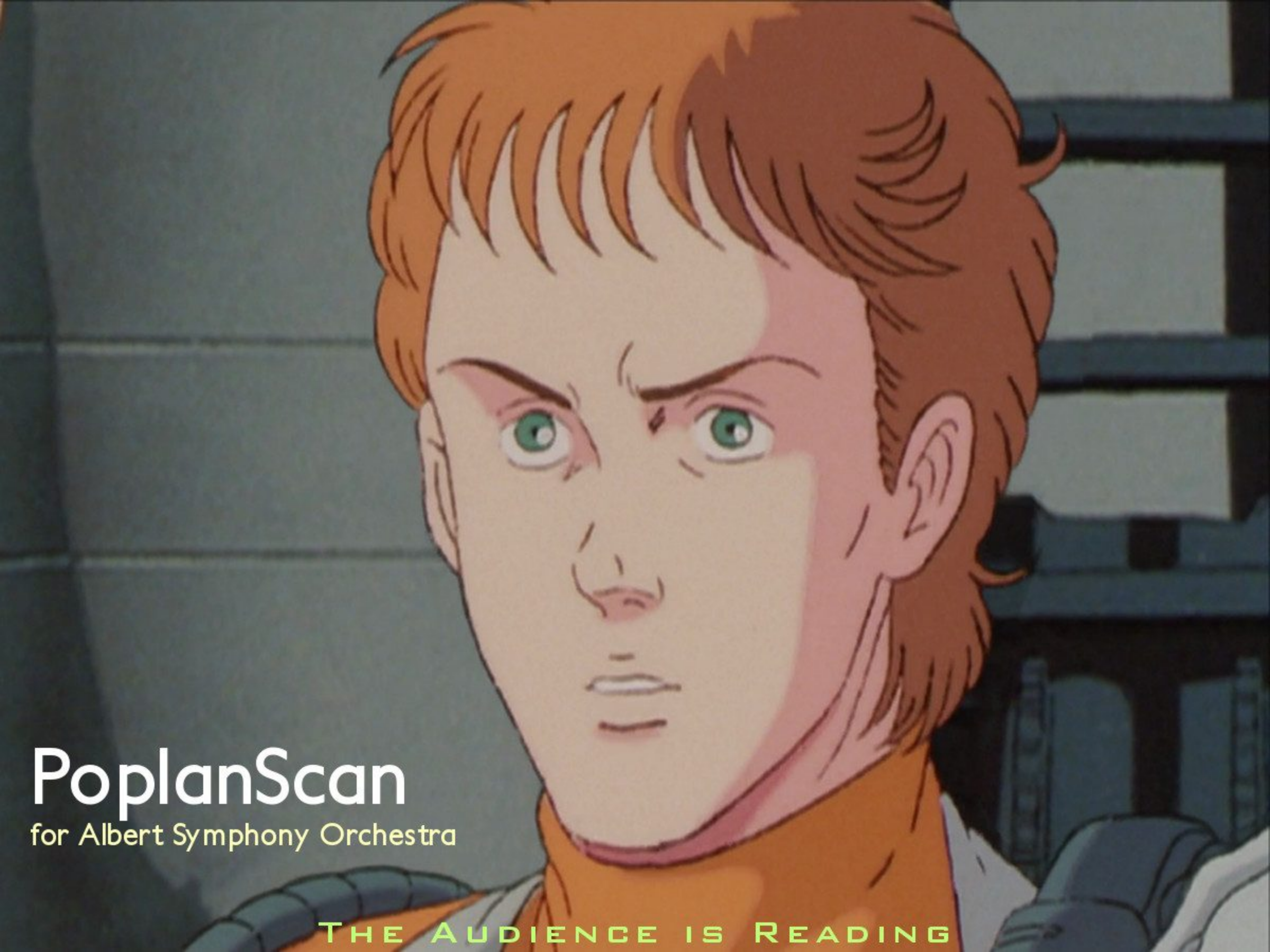
BAD BUG

FOR A GOOD TIME, GO TO
WWW.BADBUGMEDIA.COM



**BAD
BUT**

The image features the words "BAD" and "BUT" in a large, bold, white, blocky font with black outlines. The letters are arranged in two rows. A cartoonish mouth with sharp teeth and a black tongue is positioned between the two rows of text. Four black, clawed hands are shown holding the letters: two on the left and two on the right. The background is dark and textured, with faint, stylized outlines of a person's head and shoulders visible behind the text.



PoplanScan

for Albert Symphony Orchestra

THE AUDIENCE IS READING